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ODDS AND ENDS OF ALPINE LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

§ IX.

THE pause in the middle of this article, which was written without reference to its division, has caused me to supplement these memories by looking into the notes of my first Swiss journey. In September 1849, my friend Hirst, so often mentioned in these brief chronicles, had joined me at Marburg, in Hesse Cassel, where I was then a student, and we had joyful anticipations of a journey in Switzerland together. But the death of a near relative compelled him to return to England, and the thought of the Alps was therefore given up. As a substitute, I proposed to myself a short foot-journey through the valley of the Lahn, and a visit to Heidelberg. On the 19th of September I walked from Marburg to Giessen, and thence to Wetzler, the scene of "Werther's Leiden." From Wetzler, I passed on to Limburg, through Diez, where the beauties of the valley began, to Nassau, reaching it after a sunset and through a scene which might have been condensed intellectually into Goëthe's incomparable lines:—

"Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch."

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The "balde ruhest du auch," had but a sentimental value for me at the time. The field of hope and action, which in all likelihood lay between me and it, deprived the idea of the definition which it sometimes possesses now.

From Nassau, I passed through Ems to Niederlahnstein, where the little Lahn which trickles from the earth in the neighbourhood of Siegen (visited in 1850 by Hirst and myself) falls into the broader Rhine. Thence along the river, and between the rocks of the Lurlei, to Mayence; afterwards to Frankfurt and Heidelberg. I reached my proposed terminus on the night of the 22d, and early next morning was among the castle ruins. The azure overhead was perfect, and among the twinkling shadows of the surrounding woods, the thought of Switzerland revived. "How must the mountains appear under such a sky!" That night I slept at Basel. In those days it was a pleasure to me to saunter along the roads, enjoying such snatches of scenery as were thus attainable. I knew not then the distant mountains, and the attraction which they afterwards exercised upon me had not yet begun to act. I moreover did not like the diligence, and therefore walked all the way from Basel to Zürich. I passed along the lake to Horgen, thence over the hills to Zug, and afterwards along the beautiful fringe of the Zugersee to Arth. Here,

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on the 26th of September, I bought my first Alpenstock, and faced with it the renowned Rigi. The sunset on the summit was fine, but I retain no particular impression of the Rigi's grandeur; and now, rightly or wrongly, I think of it as a cloudy eminence, famous principally for its guzzling and its noise.

I descended the mountain through a dreamy opalescent atmosphere, but the dreaminess vanished at Weggis as soon as the steamer from Lucerne arrived. I took the boat to Fluelen. My journal expresses wonder at the geological contortions along the flanks of the adjacent mountain, and truly famous examples they happen to be. I followed the Gotthardt's-strasse over the Devil's Bridge, the echoes of which astonished me, to Andermatt and Hospenthal, where the road was quitted to cross the Furka. Being on the wrong side of the river Reuss, I was earnestly admonished by a pretty, dirty, little chalet-girl that I had gone astray. At this time there was no shelter on the Furka, and being warned at Realp of the danger of crossing the pass late in the evening, I halted at that hamlet for the night. Here pastoral Switzerland first revealed itself to me, in the songs of the Senner, and the mellow music of the cow-bells at milking-time.

On the 29th I first saw the glacier of the Rhone. Snow had fallen during the night; the weathered ice-peaks of the fall were of dazzling whiteness, while a pure cerulean light issued from the clefts and hollows of the ice. A week previously a young traveller had been killed by falling into one of these chasms. I did not venture upon the glacier, but went down to the source of the historic river. From this point the Mayenwand ought to have been climbed, but the track over it was marked so faintly on my small map that it escaped my attention, and I therefore went down the Rhone valley. The error was discovered before Oberwald was reached. Not wishing to retrace my steps over so rough a track, I inquired at Oberwald whether

it would not be possible to reach the Grimsel without returning to the Rhone glacier. A peasant pointed to a high hill-top, and informed me that if I could reach it an erect pole would be found there, and after it other poles which marked the way over the otherwise trackless heights to the Hospice. I tucked up my knapsack, and faced the mountain. My remarks on this scramble would make a climber smile, possibly with an admixture of contempt for the man who could refer to such a thing as difficult. The language of my journal regarding it, however, is "By the Lord I should not like to repeat this ascent!" I found the poles, and reached the Grimsel. Old Zybach and his fine daughters were still there. He had not yet, by setting fire to the house, which belonged to the commune, condemned himself to the life of a felon.

That night I slept at Gutannen, and next day halted on the Great Scheideck. Heavy rain fell as I ascended, but the thick pines provided shelter. Vapours leaped from the cliffs of the mountains, and thunder rattled upon the heights. At every crash I looked instinctively upwards, thinking that so sonorous a bolt must send the rocks down in splinters. On the following day I crossed the Wengern Alp, saw the avalanches of the Jungfrau, and heard the warble of her echoes. Then swiftly down to Lauterbrunnen, and through the valley of Interlaken, with hardly a hope of being able to reach Neuhaus in time to catch the steamer. I had been told over and over again that it was hopeless, but I thought it a duty to *try*; and in those days "the law of duty," even in small matters, was a stern thing to me. The paddles were turning, and a distance of eight or nine feet already between the steamer and the quay when I arrived. This distance was cleared at a bound under a protest on the part of the captain and the bystanders, and that night I bivouacked at Thun.

On the following day I drove to Berne, and walked thence through Solothurn to Basel. The distant aspect of the

Alps appeared to be far more glorious than the nearer view. From a distance the Vormauer, or spurs, and the highest crests appeared projected against a common background, the apparent height of the mountains being thereby enormously augmented. The aqueous air had also something to do with their wonderful illumination. The railway station being then at Effringen, a distance of some miles from Basel, I set out to walk there, but on crossing the frontier was intercepted by two soldiers. I had a passport, but it had not been viséd, and back to Berne it was stated I must go. The fight at Rastatt had occurred a short time previously, and the Prussians, then the general insurgent-crushers of Germany, held possession of the Grand Duchy of Baden. I was detained for some hours, being taken from one official to another, neither logic nor entreaty appearing to be of any avail. The Inspector at Leopoldshöhe was at first polite, but inexorable, then irate; but happily, to justify his strictness, he desired me to listen while he read his instructions. They were certainly very emphatic, but they were directed against "Deutsche Flüchtlinge." I immediately drew his attention to the words, and flatly denied his right to detain me. I appealed to my books, my accent, and my shirt collars, none of which at the time had become German. A new light seemed to dawn upon the inspector, he admitted my plea, and let me go. Thus ended my first Swiss expedition, and until 1856 I did not make a second. The reminiscences of humanity which those old records revive, interest me more than those of physical grandeur. The little boys and girls and the bright-eyed maidens whom I chanced to meet, and who at times ministered to my wants, have stamped themselves more vividly and pleasantly on my memory than the Alps themselves.

Grindelwald was my first halting-place in the summer of 1867; I reached it, in company with a friend, on Sunday evening, the 7th of July. The air of the glaciers and the excellent fare of the Adler Hotel rendered me rapidly fit for moun-

tain-work. The first day we made an excursion along the lower glacier to the Kastenstein, crossing, in returning, the Strahleck branch of the glacier above the ice-fall, and coming down by the Zassenberg. The second day was spent upon the upper glacier. The sunset covered the crest of the Eiger with indescribable glory that evening, causing the dinner-table to be forsaken while it lasted. It gave definition to a vague desire which I had previously entertained, and I arranged with Christian Michel, a famous old roadster, to attempt the Eiger, engaging Peter Bauman, a strong and gallant climber, to act as second guide.

This crimson of the morning and the evening, and the blue colour of the sky, are due to a common cause. "The colour has not the same origin as that of ordinary colouring matter, in which certain portions of the white solar light are extinguished, the colour of the substance being that of the portion which remains. A violet is blue because its molecular texture enables it to quench the green, yellow, and red constituents of white light, and to allow the blue free transmission. A geranium is red because its molecular texture is such as quenches all rays except the red. Such colours are called colours of absorption; but the hue of the sky is not of this character. The blue light of the sky is reflected light, and were there nothing in our atmosphere competent to reflect the solar rays we should see no blue firmament, but should look into the darkness of infinite space. The reflection of the blue is effected by perfectly colourless particles. Smallness of size alone is requisite to ensure the selection and reflection of this colour. Of all the visual waves emitted by the sun, the shortest and smallest are those which correspond to the colour blue. On such waves small particles have more power than upon large ones, hence the predominance of blue colour in all light reflected from exceedingly small particles. The crimson glow of the Alps in the evening and in the morning is

"due, on the other hand, to transmitted light; that is to say, to light which in its passage through great atmospheric distances has had its blue constituents sifted out of it by repeated reflection."

At half-past one o'clock on the morning of the 11th we started from the Wengern Alp to attack the Eiger; no trace of cloud was visible in the heavens, which were sown broadcast with stars. Those low down twinkled with extraordinary vivacity, many of them flashing in quick succession lights of different colours. When an opera-glass was pointed to such a star, and shaken, the line of light described by the image of the star resolved itself into a string of richly-coloured beads: rubies and emeralds were hung thus together on the same curve. The dark intervals between the beads corresponded to the moments of extinction of the star through the "interference" of its own rays in our atmosphere. Over the summit of the Wetterhorn the Pleiades hung like a diadem, while at intervals a solitary meteor shot across the sky.

We passed along the Alp, and then over the balled snow and broken ice cast down from the end of a glacier which fronted us. Here the ascent began; we passed from snow to rock and from rock to snow by turns. The steepness for a time was moderate, the only thing requiring caution being the thin crusts of ice upon the rocks over which water had trickled the previous day. The east gradually brightened, the stars became paler and disappeared, and at length the crown of the adjacent Jungfrau rose out of the twilight into the purple of the sun. The bloom crept gradually downwards over the snows, until the whole mountain-world partook of the colour. It is not in the night nor in the day,—it is not in any statical condition of the atmosphere—that the mountains look most sublime. It is during the few minutes of transition from twilight to full day through the splendours of the dawn.

Seven hours climbing brought us to

the higher slopes, which were for the most part ice, and required deep step-cutting. The whole duty of the climber on such slopes is to cut his steps properly, and to stand in them securely. At one period of my mountain life I looked lightly on the possibility of a slip, having full faith in the resources of him who accompanied me, and very little doubt of my own. Experience has qualified this faith in the power even of the best of climbers upon a steep ice-slope. A slip under such circumstances must not occur. The Jungfrau began her cannonade of avalanches very early, five of them having thundered down her precipices before eight o'clock in the morning. Bauman, being the youngest man, undertook the labour of step-cutting, which the hardness of the ice rendered severe. He was glad from time to time to escape to the snow-cornice which, unsupported save by its own tenacity, overhung the Grindelwald side of the mountain, checking himself at intervals by looking over the edge of the cornice, to assure himself of its sufficient thickness to bear our weight. A wilder precipice is hardly to be seen than this wall of the Eiger, viewed from the cornice at its top. It seems to drop sheer for eight thousand feet down to Grindelwald. When the cornice became unsafe, Bauman retreated, and step-cutting recommenced. We reached the summit before nine o'clock, and had from it an outlook over as glorious a scene as this world perhaps affords.

On the following day, accompanied by Michel, I went down to Lauterbrunnen, and afterwards crossed the Petersgrat a second time to Platten, where the door of the curé being closed against travellers, we were forced into dirty quarters in an adjacent house. From Platten, instead of going as before over the Lötschsattel, we struck obliquely across the ridge above the Nesthorn, and got down upon the Jaggi glacier, making thus an exceedingly fine excursion from Platten to the Bel Alp. Thence, after a brief halt, I pushed on to Zermatt.

I have already mentioned Carrel, *dit le bersagliere*, who accompanied Bennen and myself in our attempt upon the Matterhorn in 1862, and who in 1865 reached the summit of the mountain. With him I had been in correspondence for some time, and from his letters an enthusiastic desire to be my guide up the Matterhorn might be inferred. From the Riffelberg I crossed the Theodule to Breuil, where I saw Carrel. He had naturally and deservedly grown in his own estimation. In the language of philosophy his environment had changed, and he had assumed new conditions of equilibrium, but they were decidedly unfavourable to the climbing of the Matterhorn. His first condition was that I should take three guides at 150 francs apiece, and these were to be aided by porters as far as the cabin upon the Matterhorn. He also objected to the excellent company of Christian Michel. In fact circumstances had produced their effect upon my friend Carrel, and he was no longer a reasonable man. To do him justice, I believe he afterwards repented, and sent his friends Bich and Meynet to speak to me while he kept aloof. A considerable abatement was soon made in their demands, and without arranging anything definitely, I quitted Breuil on the understanding that I should return if the weather, which was then unfit for the Matterhorn, improved.

I waited at the Riffel for twelve days, making small excursions here and there. But though the weather was not so abominable as it had been last year, the frequent snow discharges on the Matterhorn kept it unassailable. In company with Mr. Craufurd Grove, who had engaged Carrel as his guide, Michel being mine, I made the pass of the Trift from Zermatt to Zinal. Carrel led, and acquitted himself well. He is a first-rate rockman. I could understand and share the enthusiasm experienced by Mr. Hinchliff in crossing this truly noble pass. It is certainly one of the finest in the whole Alps. For that one day moreover the weather was magnificent. Next day we crossed to Evolena, going

considerably astray, and thus converting a light day into a rather heavy one. From Evolena we purposed crossing the Col d'Erin back to Zermatt, but the weather would not let us. This excursion had been made with the view of allowing the Matterhorn a little time to arrange its temper; but the temper continued sulky, and at length wearied me out. We went round by the valley of the Rhône to Zermatt, and finding matters there worse than ever, both Mr. Grove and myself returned to Visp, intending to quit Switzerland altogether. Here he changed his mind and returned to Zermatt; on the same day the weather changed also, and continued fine for a fortnight. He succeeded in getting with Carrel to the top of the Matterhorn, being therefore the first Englishman that gained the summit from the southern side. A ramble in the Highlands, including a visit to the Parallel Roads of Glenroy, concluded my vacation in 1867.

§ X.

"Call not waste that barren cone
Above the floral zone;
Where forests starve
It is pure use.

What sheaves like those which here we
glean and bind
Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?"¹

THE "oil of life" burnt very low with me last June. Driven from London by Dr. Bence Jones, I reached the Giessbach Hotel on the Lake of Brienz early in July. No pleasanter position could be found for an invalid. My friend Hirst was with me, and we made various little excursions in the neighbourhood. The most pleasant of these was to the Hinterburger See, a small and lonely lake high up among the hills, fringed on one side by pines, and overshadowed on the other by the massive limestone buttresses of the Hinterburg. It is an exceedingly lovely spot, but rarely visited. The Giessbach Hotel is an admirably organized establishment. The table is served by Swiss girls in Swiss costume, fresh, handsome, and

¹ Emerson's poems.

modest, well brought up, who come there not as servants, but to learn the mysteries of housekeeping. And among her maidens moved like a little queen the graceful daughter of the host; noiseless, but effectual in her rule and governance. I went to the Giessbach with a prejudice against its illumination. The crowd of spectators may suggest the theatre, but the lighting up of the water is fine. I liked the colourless light best; it merely intensified the contrast revealed by ordinary daylight between the white foam of the cascades and the black surrounding pines.

From the Giessbach we went to Thun, and thence up the Simmenthal to Lenk. Over a sulphur spring a large hotel has been recently erected, and here we found a number of Swiss and Germans, who thought the waters did them good. In one large room the liquid gushes from a tap into a basin, diffusing through the place the odour of rotten eggs. The patients like this smell; indeed they regard its foulness as a measure of their benefit. The director of the establishment is intelligent and obliging, sparing no pains to meet the wishes and promote the comfort of his guests. We wandered, while at Lenk, to the summit of the Rawyl pass, visited the Siebenbrünnen, where the river Simmen bursts full-grown from the rocks, and we should have clambered up the Wildstrubel had the weather been tolerable. From Lenk we went to Gsteig, a finely-situated hamlet, but not celebrated for the peace and comfort of its inn; and from Gsteig to the Diablerets hotel. While there I clambered up the Diablerets mountain, and was amazed at the extent of the snow-field upon its tabular top. The peaks, if they ever existed, have been shorn away, and miles of flat *névé* unseen form below, overspread their section.

From the Diablerets we drove down to Aigle. The Traubenkur had not commenced, and there was therefore ample space for us at the excellent hotel. We were compelled to spend a night at Martigny. I heard the trumpet of its famous mosquito, but did not

feel its attacks; still the itchy hillocks on my hands for some days afterwards reported the venom of the insect. The following night was more pleasantly spent on the cool col of the Great St. Bernard. On Tuesday, the 21st of July, we reached Aosta, and, in accordance with previous telegraphic arrangement, met there the Chanoine Carrel. Jean Jaques Carrel, the old companion of Mr. Hawkins and myself, and others at Breuil, were dissatisfied with the behaviour of the *bersaglier* last year, and this feeling the Chanoine shared. He wrote to me during the winter, stating that two new men had scaled the Matterhorn, and that they were ready to accompany me anywhere. He now drove, with Hirst and myself, to Chatillon, where at the noisy and comfortless inn we spent the night. Here Hirst quitted me, and I turned with the Chanoine up the valley to Breuil.

At Val Tournanche I saw a maiden niece of the Chanoine who had gone high up the Matterhorn, and who, had the wind not assailed her petticoats too roughly, might, it was said, have reached the top. I can believe it. Her wrist, as I shook her hand, was like a weaver's beam, and her frame seemed a mass of potential energy. The Chanoine had recommended to me as guides the brothers Joseph and Pierre Maquignaz, of Val Tournanche, his praises of Joseph as a man of unshaken courage, and proved capacity as a climber, being particularly strong. Previous to reaching Breuil, I saw this Joseph, who seemed to divine by instinct my name and aim.

Carrel was there, looking very gloomy, while Biche petitioned for a porter's post; but I left the arrangement of these matters wholly in the hands of Maquignaz. He joined me in the evening, and on the following day we ascended one of the neighbouring summits, discussing as we went our chances on the Matterhorn. In 1867 the chief precipitation took place in a low atmospheric layer, the base of the mountain being heavily laden with snow, while the

summit and the higher rocks were bare. In 1868 the distribution was inverted, the top being heavily laden and the lower rocks clear. An additional element of uncertainty was thus introduced. Maquignaz could not say what obstacles the snow might oppose to us above, but he was resolute and hopeful. My desire had long been to complete the Matterhorn by making a pass over its summit from Breuil to Zermatt. In this attempt my guide expressed his willingness to aid me, his interest in the project being apparently equal to my own.

He, however, only knew the Zermatt side of the mountain through inspection from below; and he acknowledged that a dread of it had filled him the previous year. That feeling, however, had disappeared, and he reasoned that as Mr. Whymper and the Taugwalds had safely descended, we should be able to do the same. On the Friday we climbed to the Col de la Furka, examined from it the northern face of the pyramid, and discovered the men who were engaged in building the cabin on that side. We worked afterwards along the ridge which stretches from the Matterhorn to the Theodule, crossing its gulleys and scaling all its heights. It was a pleasant piece of discipline, on ground new to both my guide and me.

On the Thursday evening, a violent thunderstorm had burst over Breuil, discharging new snow upon the heights, but also clearing the oppressive air. Though the heavens seemed clear in the early part of Friday, clouds showed a disposition to meet us from the south as we returned from the Theodule. I inquired of my companion whether, in the event of the day being fine, he was willing to start on Sunday. His answer was a prompt negative. In Val Tournanche, he said, they always "sanctified the Sunday." I referred to Bennen, my pious Catholic guide, whom I permitted and encouraged to attend his mass on all possible occasions, but who, nevertheless, always yielded without a murmur to the demands of the weather. The reasoning had its effect. On Saturday Maquignaz saw his confessor, and

arranged with him to have a mass at two A.M. on Sunday; after which, unshaded by the sense of duties unperformed, he would commence the ascent.

The claims of religion being thus met, the point of next importance, that of money, was immediately arranged by my accepting, without hesitation, the tariff published by the Chanoine Carrel. The problem being thus reduced to one of muscular physics, we pondered the question of provisions, decided on a bill of fare, and committed its execution to the mistress of the hotel.

A fog, impenetrable to vision, had filled the whole of the Val Tournanche on Saturday night and the mountains were half concealed and half revealed by this fog when we rose on Sunday morning. The east at sunrise was lowering, and the light which streamed through the cloud-orifices was drawn in ominous red bars across the necks of the mountains. It was one of those uncomfortable Laodicean days which engender indecision, —threatening, but not sufficiently so to warrant postponement. Two guides and two porters were considered necessary for the first day's climb. A volunteer, however, attached himself to our party, who carried a sheepskin, part of the furniture of the cabin. To lighten their labour the porters took a mule with them as far as the quadruped could climb, and afterwards divided the load among themselves. While they did so I observed the weather. The sun had risen with power, and had broken the cloud-plane to pieces. The severed clouds gathered themselves into masses more or less spherical, and were rolled grandly over the ridges into Switzerland. Save for a swathe of fog which now and then wrapped its flanks, the Matterhorn itself remained clear, and strong hopes were raised that the progress of the weather was in the right direction.

We halted at the base of the Tête du Lion, a bold precipice formed by the sudden cutting down of the ridge which flanks the Val Tournanche to the right. From its base to the Matterhorn stretches the Col du Lion, crossed for the first

time in 1860, by Mr. Hawkins, myself, and our two guides. We were now beside a snow-gully, which was cut by a deep furrow along its centre, and otherwise scarred by the descent of stones. Here each man arranged his bundle and himself so as to cross the gully in the minimum of time. The passage was safely made, a few flying shingle only coming down upon us. But danger declared itself where it was not expected. Joseph Maquignaz led the way up the rocks. I was next, Pierre Maquignaz next, and last of all the porters. Suddenly a yell issued from the leader: "*Cachez-vous!*" I crouched instinctively against the rock, which formed a by no means perfect shelter, when a boulder buzzed past me through the air, smote the rocks below me, and with a savage hum flew down to the lower glacier. Thus warned we swerved to an arête, and when stones fell afterwards they plunged to the right or left of us.

In 1860 the great couloir, which stretches from the Col du Lion downwards, was filled with a *névé* of deep snow. But the atmospheric conditions, which have caused the glaciers of Switzerland to shrink so remarkably during the last ten years,¹ have swept away this *névé*. We had descended it, in 1860, hip-deep in snow, and I was now reminded of its steepness by the inclination of its bed. Maquignaz was incredulous when I pointed out to him the line of our descent, to which we had been committed, in order to avoid the falling stones of the Tête du Lion. Bennen's warnings on the occasion were very emphatic, and I could understand their wisdom now better than I did then.

An admirable description of the difficulties of the Matterhorn, up to a certain elevation, has been given by Mr. Hawkins, in "*Vacation Tourists for 1860.*"²

¹ I should estimate the level of the Lower Grindelwald glacier, at the point where it is usually entered upon to reach the Eismeer, to be nearly one hundred feet vertically lower in 1867 than it was in 1856. I am glad to find that the question of "*Benchmarks*" to fix such changes of level is now before the Council of the British Association.

² Macmillan and Co.

At that time, however, a temporary danger, sufficient to quell for a time the enthusiasm even of our lion-hearted guide, was added to the permanent ones. Fresh snow had fallen two days before; it had quite oversprinkled the Matterhorn, converting the brown of its crags into an iron gray; this snow had been melted and re-frozen, forming upon the rocks an enamelling of ice. Besides their physical front, moreover, in 1860, the rocks presented a psychological one, derived from the rumour of their savage inaccessibility. The crags, the ice, and the character of the mountain, all conspired to stir the feelings. Much of the wild mystery has now vanished, especially at those points which in 1860 were places of virgin difficulty, but down which ropes now hang to assist the climber. The grandeur of the Matterhorn is, however, not to be effaced.

After some hours of steady climbing, we halted upon a platform beside the tattered remnant of one of my tents, had a mouthful of food, and sunned ourselves for an hour. We subsequently worked upward, scaling the crags and rounding the bases of those wild and wonderful rock-towers, into which the weather of ages has hewn the southern arête of the Matterhorn. The work here requires knowledge, but with a fair amount of skill it is safe work. I can fancy nothing more fascinating to a man given by nature and habit to such things, than a climb *alone* among these crags and precipices. He need not be *theological*, but, if complete, he must be religious, with such an environment. To the climber amongst them, the southern cliffs and crags of the Matterhorn are incomparably grander than those of the north. Majesty of form and magnitude, and richness of colouring, combine to ennoble them.

Looked at from Breuil, the Matterhorn presents two summits; the one, the summit proper, a square rock-tower in appearance; the other, which is really the end of a sharp ridge abutting against the rock-tower, an apparently conical peak. On this peak Bennen and myself planted our flagstaff in 1862,

and with it, which had no previous name, Italian writers have done me the honour of associating mine. At some distance below it the mountain is crossed by an almost horizontal ledge, always loaded with snow, which, from its resemblance to a white neck-tie, has been called the *Cravatte*. On the ledge a cabin was put together last year. It stands above the precipice where I quitted my rope in 1862. Up this precipice, by the aid of a thicker—I will not say a stronger—rope, we now scrambled, and following the exact route pursued by Bennen and myself five years previously, we came to the end of the *Cravatte*. At some places the snow upon the ledge fell steeply from its junction with the cliff; deep-step cutting was also needed where the substance had been melted and re-congealed. The passage was soon accomplished along the *Cravatte* to the cabin, which was almost filled with snow.

Our first inquiry now had reference to the supply of water. We could, of course, always melt the snow, but this would involve a wasteful expenditure of heat. The cliff at the base of which the hut was built overhung, and from its edge the liquefied snow fell in showers beyond the cabin. Four ice-axes were fixed on the ledge, and over them was spread the residue of a second tent which I had left at Breuil in 1862. The water falling upon the canvas flowed towards its centre. Here an orifice was formed, through which the liquid descended into vessels placed to receive it. Some modification of this plan might probably be employed with profit for the storing up of water in droughty years in England.

I lay for some hours in the warm sunshine, in presence of the Italian mountains, watching the mutations of the air. But when the sun sank the air became chill, and we all retired to the cabin. We had no fire, though warmth was much needed. Alover of the mountains, and of his kind, had contributed an india-rubber mattress to the cabin. On this I lay down, a light blanket being thrown over me, while the guides and porters were rolled

up in sheepskins. The mattress was a poor defence against the cold of the subjacent rock. I bore this for two hours, unwilling to disturb the guides, but at length it became intolerable. The little circles, with a speck of intensified redness in the centre, which spotted the neck of our volunteer porter, prevented me from availing myself of the warmth of my companions, so I lay alone and suffered the penalty of isolation. On learning my condition, however, the good fellows were soon alert, and folding a sheepskin round me, restored me gradually to a pleasant temperature. I fell asleep, and found the guides preparing breakfast, and the morning well advanced when I opened my eyes.

It was past six o'clock when the two Maquignaz's and myself quitted the cabin. The porters deemed their work accomplished, but they halted for a time to ascertain whether we were likely to be driven back or to push forward. We skirted the *Cravatte*, and reached the ridge at its western extremity. This we ascended along the old route of Bennen and myself to the conical peak already referred to, which, as seen from Breuil, constitutes a kind of second summit of the Matterhorn. From this point to the base of the final crag of the mountain stretches an arête, terribly hacked by the weather, but on the whole horizontal.¹ When I first made the acquaintance of this savage ridge it was almost clear of snow. It was now loaded, the snow being bevelled to an edge of exceeding sharpness. The slope to the left, falling towards Zmutt, was exceedingly steep, while the precipices on the right were abysmal. No other part of the Matterhorn do I remember with greater interest than this. It was terrible, but its difficulties were fairly within the grasp of human skill, and this association is more elevating than where the circumstances are such as to make you conscious of your own helplessness. On one of the sharpest teeth of the Spalla Joseph Maquignaz

¹ On the geological section this ridge is called the Spalla (shoulder).

halted, and turning to me with a smile, remarked, "There is no room for giddiness here, sir." In fact, such possibilities, in such places, must be altogether excluded from the chapter of accidents of the climber.

It was at the end of this ridge, where it abuts against the last precipice of the Matterhorn, that my second flag-staff was left in 1862. I think there must have been something in the light falling upon this precipice that gave it an aspect of greater verticality when I first saw it than it seemed to possess on the present occasion. Or, as remarked in my brief account of our attempt in the *Saturday Review*, we may have been dazed by our previous exertion. I cannot otherwise account for our stopping short without making some attempt upon the precipice. It looks very bad, but no climber with his blood warm would pronounce it, without trial, insuperable. Fears of this rock-wall, however, had been excited long before we reached it. At three several places upon the arête I had to signalize points in advance, and to ask my companions in French (which Bennen alone did not understand) whether they thought these points could be reached without peril. Thus bit by bit we moved along the ridge to its end, where further advance was declared to be impossible. It was probably the addition of the psychological element to the physical; the reluctance to encounter new dangers on a mountain which had hitherto inspired a superstitious fear, that quelled further exertion.

To assure myself of the correctness of what is here stated, I have turned to my notes of 1862. The repusal of them has interested me, and a portion of them may possibly interest some of the readers of this magazine. Here then they are, rapidly thrown together, and embracing our passage from the crags adjacent to the Col du Lion to the point where we were compelled to halt.

"We had gathered up our things, and bent to the work before us, when suddenly an explosion occurred overhead. Looking aloft, in mid-air was seen a

solid shot from the Matterhorn describing its proper parabola through the air. It split to pieces as it hit one of the rock-towers below, and its fragments came down in a kind of spray, which fell wide of us, but still near enough to compel a sharp look out. Two or three such explosions occurred afterwards, but we crept along the back-fin of the mountain, from which the falling boulders were speedily deflected right and left. Before the set of sun we reached our place of bivouac. A tent was already there. Its owner had finished a prolonged attack upon the Matterhorn, and kindly permitted the tent to remain, thus saving me the labour of carrying up one of my own. I had with me a second and smaller tent, made for me under the friendly supervision of Mr. Whymper, which the exceedingly nimble-handed Carrel soon placed in position upon a platform of stones. Both tents stood in the shadow of a great rock, which sheltered us from all projectiles from the heights.

"As the evening advanced, fog, the enemy of the climber, came creeping up the valley, and heavy flocunes of cloud draped the bases of the hills. The fog thickened through a series of intermittences which only a mountain land can show. Sudden uprushings of air would carry the clouds aloft in vertical currents, while at other places horizontal gusts wildly tossed them to and fro; or, impinging upon each other at oblique angles, formed whirling cyclones of cloud. The air was tortured on its search of equilibrium. Explosive peals above us, succeeded by the sound of tumbling rocks, were heard from time to time. We were swathed in the densest fog when we retired to rest, and had scarcely a hope that the morrow's sun would be able to dispel the gloom. Throughout the night I heard the intermittent roar of the stones as they rushed down an adjacent couloir. Looking at midnight through a small hole in the canvas of my tent I saw a star. I rose and found the heavens without a cloud; while above me the

black battlements of the Matterhorn were projected against the fretted sky.

"It was four A.M. before we started. We adhered to the hacked and weather-worn spine, until its disintegration became too vast. The alternation of sun and frost have made wondrous havoc on the southern face of the Matterhorn; cutting much away, but leaving brown-red masses of the most imposing magnitude behind—pillars, and towers, and splintered obelisks, clearly cut out of the mountain—grand in their hoariness, and softened by the colouring of age. At length we were compelled to quit the ridge for the base of a precipice which seemed to girdle the mountain like a wall. It was a clean section of rock, with cracks and narrow ledges here and there. We sought to turn this wall in vain. Bennen swerved to the right and to the left to make his inspection complete. There was no alternative, over the precipice we must go, or else retreat. For a time it was manifest our onset must be desperate. We grappled with the cliff. Walters, an exceedingly powerful climber, went first. Close to him was Bennen, with arm and knee and counsel ready in time of need. As usual, I followed Bennen, while the two porters brought up the rear. The behaviour of all of them was admirable. A process of reciprocal lifting continued for half an hour, when a last strong effort threw Walters across the brow of the precipice, and rendered our progress thus far secure.

"After scaling the precipice, we found ourselves once more upon the ridge with safe footing on the ledges of gneiss. We approached the conical peak seen from Breuil, while before us, and, as we thought, assuredly within our grasp, was the proper summit of the renowned Matterhorn. To test Bennen's feelings I remarked, 'We shall at all events reach the lower peak.' There was a kind of scorn in his laugh as he replied, stretching his arm towards the summit, 'In an hour, sir, the people of Zermatt will see our flagstaff planted yonder.' We went upward in this

spirit, a triumph forestalled, making the ascent a jubilee.

"We reached the first summit, and on it fixed our flag. But already doubt had begun to settle about the final precipice. Walters once remarked, 'We may still find difficulty there.' It was, perhaps, the pressure of the same thought upon my own mind that caused its utterance to irritate me. So I grimly admonished Walters and we went on. The nearer, however, we came to the summit, the more formidable did the precipice appear. From the point where we had planted our flagstaff a hacked and extremely acute ridge (the Spalla), with ghastly abysses right and left of it, ran straight against the final cliff. We sat down upon the ridge and inspected the precipice. Three out of the four men shook their heads, and muttered, 'Impossible.' Bennen was the only man amongst them who refused, from first to last, to utter the word.

"Resolved not to push them beyond the limits of their own clear judgments, I was equally determined to advance until that judgment should pronounce the risk too great. I, therefore, pointed to a tooth at some distance from the place where we sat, and asked whether it could be reached without much danger. 'We think so,' was the reply. 'Then let us go there.' We did so and sat down again. The three men murmured, while Bennen himself growled like a foiled lion. 'We must give it up,' was here repeated. 'Not yet,' was my answer. 'You see yonder point quite at the base of the precipice; do you not think we might reach it?' The reply was 'Yes.' We moved cautiously along the arête and reached the point aimed at. So savage a spot I had never previously visited, and we sat down there with broken hopes. The thought of retreat was bitter. We may have been dazed by our previous efforts, and thus rendered less competent than fresh men would have been to front the danger before us. As on other occasions, Bennen sought to fix on me the onus of returning, but with the usual result. My reply was, 'Where

you go I follow, whether it be up or down.' It took him half an hour to make up his mind. Had the other men not yielded so utterly, he would probably have tried longer. As it was, our occupation was gone, and hacking a length of six feet from our ladder, we planted it on the spot where we halted." So much is due to the memory of a brave man.

Seven hundred feet, if the barometric measurement can be trusted, of very difficult rock work now lay above us. In 1862 this height had been underestimated by both Bennen and me. Of the 14,800 feet of the Matterhorn, we then thought we had accomplished 14,600. If the barometer speaks truly, we had only cleared about 14,200. Descending the end of the arête, we crossed a narrow cleft, and grappled with the rocks at the other side of it. Our ascent was oblique, bearing to the right. The obliquity at one place fell to horizontality, and we had to work on the level round a difficult protuberance of rock. We cleared the difficulty without haste, and then rose straight against the precipice. Joseph Maquignaz drew my attention to a rope hanging down the cliff, left there by himself on the occasion of his first ascent. We reached the end of this rope, and some time was lost by the guide in assuring himself that it was not too much frayed by friction. Care in testing it was doubly necessary, for the rocks, bad in themselves, were here crusted with ice. The rope was in some places a mere hempen core surrounded by a casing of ice, over which the hands slid helplessly. Even with the rope, in this condition it required an effort to get to the top of the precipice, and we willingly halted there to take a minute's breath. The ascent was virtually accomplished, and a few minutes more of rapid climbing placed us upon the crest of the mountain. Thus ended an eight years' war between myself and the Matterhorn.

The day thus far had swung through alternations of fog and sunshine. While we were on the ridge below, the air at times was blank and chill with mist; then with rapid solution the cloud would

vanish, and open up the abysses right and left of us. On our attaining the summit a fog from Italy rolled over us, and for some minutes we were clasped by a cold and clammy atmosphere. But this passed rapidly away, leaving above us a blue heaven, and far below us the sunny meadows of Zermatt. The mountains were almost wholly unclouded, and such clouds as lingered amongst them only added to their magnificence. The Dent d'Erin, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn, the Mischabel, the range of heights between it and Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Breithorn were all at hand, and clear; while the Weisshorn, noblest and most beautiful of all, shook out a banner towards the north, formed by the humid southern air as it grazed the crest of the mountain.

The world of peaks and glaciers surrounding this immediate circle of giants was also open to us to the horizon. Our glance over it was brief, and our enjoyment of it intense; for it was eleven o'clock, and the work before us soon claimed all our attention. I found the *débris* of my former expedition everywhere,—below, the fragments of my tents, and on the top a piece of my ladder fixed in the snow as a flagstaff. The summit of the Matterhorn is a sharp horizontal arête, and along this we now moved eastward. On our left was the roof-like slope of snow seen from the Rifel and Zermatt, on our right were the savage precipices which fall into Italy. Looking to the further end of the ridge, the snow there seemed to be trodden down, and I drew my companions' attention to the apparent footmarks. As we approached the place it became evident that human feet had been there two or three days previously. I think it was Mr. Elliot who had made this ascent—the first accomplished from Zermatt since the memorable one of 1865. On the eastern end of the ridge we halted to take a little food; not that I seemed to need it. It was the remonstrance of reason, rather than the consciousness of physical want, that caused me to do so.

Facts of this kind illustrate the amount of force locked up in the muscles which may be drawn upon without renewal. I had quitted London ill, and when the Matterhorn was attacked the illness had by no means subsided. In fact this climb was one of the means adopted to drive the London virus from my blood. The day previously I had taken scarcely any food, and on starting from the cabin half a cup of bad tea, without any solid whatever, constituted my breakfast. Still, during the five hours' climb from the cabin to the top of the Matterhorn, though much below par, physically and mentally, I felt neither faint nor hungry. This is an old experience of mine upon the mountains. The Weisshorn, for example, was climbed on six meat lozenges, though it was a day of nineteen hours. Possibly this power of long-continued physical effort without eating may be a result of bad digestion, which deals out stingily, and therefore economically, to the muscles the energy of the food previously consumed?

We took our ounce of nutriment and gulp of wine (my only sustenance during the entire day), and stood for a moment silently and earnestly looking down towards Zermatt. There was a certain official formality in the manner in which the guides turned to me and asked, "*Etes-vous content d'essayer?*" A sharp responsive "*Oui!*" set us immediately in motion. It was nearly half-past eleven when we quitted the summit. The descent of the roof-like slope already referred to offered no difficulty; but the gradient very soon became more formidable. One of the two faces of the Matterhorn pyramid seen from Zermatt, falls towards the Zmutt glacier, and has a well-known snow-plateau at its base. The other face falls towards the Furgge glacier. We were on the former. For some time, however, we kept close to the arête formed by the intersection of the two faces of the pyramid, because nodules of rock jutted from it which offered a kind of footing. These rock protuberances helped us in another way: round them an extra rope which we

carried was frequently doubled, and we let ourselves down by the rope as far as it could reach, liberating it afterwards (sometimes with difficulty) by a succession of jerks. In the choice and use of these protuberances the guides showed both judgment and skill. The rocks became gradually larger and more precipitous; a good deal of time being consumed in dropping down and doubling round them. Still we preferred them to the snow-slope at our left as long as they continued practicable.

This they at length ceased to be, and we had to commit ourselves to the slope. It was in the worst possible condition. When snow first falls at these great heights it is usually dry, and has no coherence. It resembles, to some extent, flour, or sand, or sawdust. Shone upon by a strong sun it shrinks and becomes more consolidated, and when it is subsequently frozen it may be safely trusted. Even though the melting of the snow and its subsequent freezing may be only very partial, the cementing of the granules adds immensely to the safety of the footing; but then the snow must be employed before the sun has had time to unlock the rigidity imparted to it by the night's frost. We were on the steepest Matterhorn slope during the two hottest hours of the day, and the sun had done his work effectually. The snow seemed to offer no foothold whatever; with cautious manipulation it regelated, but to so small an extent that the resistance due to regelation was insensible to the foot. The layer of snow was about fifteen inches thick. In treading it we came immediately upon the rock, which in most cases was too smooth to furnish either prop or purchase. It was on this slope that the Matterhorn catastrophe occurred: it is on this slope that other catastrophes will occur, if this mountain should ever become fashionable.

Joseph Maquignaz was the leader of our little party, and a cool and competent leader he proved himself to be. He was earnest and silent, save when he answered his brother's anxious and oft-repeated question, "*Es-tu bien placé,*

Joseph ?" Along with being perfectly cool and brave, he seemed to be perfectly truthful. He did not pretend to be "*bien placé*" when he was not, nor avow a power of holding which he knew he did not possess. Pierre Maquignaz is, I believe, under ordinary circumstances, an excellent guide, and he enjoys the reputation of being never tired. But in such circumstances as we encountered on the Matterhorn he is not the equal of his brother. Joseph, if I may use the term, is a man of high boiling point; his constitutional *sang-froid* resisting the ebullition of fear. Pierre, on the contrary, shows a strong tendency to boil over in perilous places.

Our progress was exceedingly slow, but it was steady and continued. At every step our leader trod the snow cautiously, seeking some rugosity on the rock beneath it. This however was rarely found, and in most cases he had to establish practicable attachments between the snow and the slope which bore it. No semblance of a slip occurred in the case of any one of us, and had a slip occurred I do not think the worst consequences could have been avoided. I wish to stamp this slope of the Matterhorn with the character that really belonged to it when we descended it, and I do not hesitate to express the belief that the giving way of any one of our party would have carried the whole of us to ruin. Why, then, it may be asked, employ the rope? The rope, I reply, all its possible drawbacks under such circumstances notwithstanding, is the safeguard of the climber. Not to speak of the moral effect of its presence, an amount of help upon a dangerous slope that might be measured by the gravity of a few pounds is often of incalculable importance; and thus, though the rope may be not only useless but disastrous if the footing be clearly lost, and the glissade fairly begun, it lessens immensely the chance of this occurrence.

With steady perseverance, difficulties upon a mountain, as elsewhere, come to an end. We were finally able to pass from the face of the pyramid to its rugged edge, feeling with comfort that honest

strength and fair skill, which might have gone for little on the slope, were here masters of the situation.

Standing on the arête, at the foot of a remarkable cliff-gable seen from Zermatt, and permitting the vision to range over the Matterhorn, its appearance was exceedingly wild and impressive. Hardly two things can be more different than the two aspects of the mountain from above and below. Seen from the Riffel, or Zermatt, it presents itself as a compact pyramid, smooth and steep, and defiant of the weathering air. From above, it seems torn to pieces by the frosts of ages, while its vast facettes are so foreshortened as to stretch out into the distance like plains. But this underestimate of the steepness of the mountain is checked by the deportment of its stones. Their discharge along the side of the pyramid was incessant, and at any moment, by detaching a single boulder, we could let loose a cataract of them, which flew with wild rapidity and with a clatter as loud as thunder down the mountain. We once wandered too far from the arête, and were warned back to it by a train of these missiles sweeping past us.

As long as the temperature of our planet differs from that of space, so long will the forms upon her surface undergo mutation, and as soon as equilibrium has been established we shall have, not peace, but death. Life is the product and accompaniment of change, and the selfsame power that tears the flanks of the hills to pieces is the mainspring of the animal and vegetable worlds. Still, there is something chilling, if not humiliating, in the contemplation of the irresistible and remorseless character of those infinitesimal forces, whose summation through the ages pulls down even the Matterhorn. Hacked and hurt by time, the aspect of the mountain from its higher crags saddened me. Hitherto the impression it made was that of savage strength, but here we had inexorable decay.

This notion of decay implied a reference to a period of prime, when the Matterhorn was in the full strength of mountainhood. Thought naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin.

Nor did it halt there, but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded, and with good reason, as the proximate source of all material things. Could the blue sky above be the residue of that haze? Would the azure, which deepens on the heights, sink into utter darkness beyond the atmosphere? I tried to look at this universal cloud, containing within itself the prediction of all that has since occurred; I tried to imagine it as the seat of those forces whose action was to issue in solar and stellar systems, and all that they involve. Did that formless fog contain potentially the *sadness* with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the *thought* which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? If so, had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force; for if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition which omits life and thought must be inadequate, if not untrue. Are questions like these warranted? Are they healthy? Ought they not to be quenched by a life of action? Healthy or unhealthy, *can* we quench them? And if the final goal of man has not been yet attained; if his development has not been yet arrested, who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and the growth of diviner powers? When I look at the heavens and the earth, at my own body, at my strength and imbecility of mind, even at these ponderings, and ask myself, is there no being or thing in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do; what is my answer? Does antagonism to theology stand with none of us in the place of a religion? Supposing our theologic schemes of creation, condemnation, and redemption to be dissipated; and the warmth of denial, which, as a motive force, can match the warmth of affirmation, dissipated at the same time; would the undeflected mind return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards these ultra-physical questions? Is such a position one of stable equilibrium? The channels of thought being already formed, such are

the questions without replies, which could run through the mind during a ten minutes halt upon the weathered spire of the Matterhorn.

We shook the rope away from us, and went rapidly down the rocks. The day was well advanced when we reached the cabin, and between it and the base of the pyramid we missed our way. It was late when we regained it, and by the time we reached the ridge of the Hörnli we were unable to distinguish rock from ice. We should have fared better than we did if we had kept along the ridge and felt our way to the Schwarz-See, whence there would have been no difficulty in reaching Zermatt, but we left the Hörnli to our right, and found ourselves incessantly checked in the darkness by ledges and precipices, possible and actual. We were afterwards entangled in the woods of Zmutt, but finally struck the path and followed it to Zermatt, which we reached between one and two o'clock in the morning.

Having work to do for the Norwich meeting of the British Association, I remained several days at the Riffel, taking occasional breathings with pleasant companions up the Riffelhorn. I subsequently crossed the Weissthor with Mr. Paris to Mattmark; and immediately afterwards returned to England.

On the 4th of last September, Signor Giordano, to whom we are indebted for a most instructive geological section of the Matterhorn, with Joseph Maquignaz and Carrel as guides, followed my route over the mountain. In a letter dated Florence, 31st December, 1868, he writes to me thus:—

“Quant à moi je dirai que vraiment, j’ai trouvé cette fois le pic assez difficile . . . J’ai surtout trouvé difficile la traversée de l’arête qui suit le pic Tyndall du côté de l’Italie. Quant au versant Suisse, je l’ai trouvé moins difficile que je ne croyais, parce que la neige y était un peu consolidée par la chaleur. En descendant le pic du côté de Zermatt j’ai encouru un véritable danger par les avalanches de pierres . . . Un de mes deux guides a eu le havresac coupé en deux par un bloc, et moi-même j’ai été un peu contusionné.”

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE ARE
MYSTIFIED.

"Show me your passport, please," said a gendarme, poking his head in at the window of a travelling carriage which was changing horses at the posting-house just outside the town of Auch.

It was getting towards morning. At midnight the lieutenant of gendarmerie had had a communication from the préfet of Auch, and the gendarmes on duty had been on the alert ever since, but had as yet come upon no two individuals at all answering to the description forwarded from Toulouse.

Inside the carriage was a lady who seemed asleep. The gendarme apologized for disturbing her. "Madame is quite alone?" he asked.

"Quite alone," Julia answered, wondering at the question.

"Madame will have the goodness to show her passport?"

Julia gave it readily. The passport bore out her assertion that she was alone; the gendarme gave it back, saying, "Madame is going to Pau, probably?"

This question, coming as it did after the inquiry as to her being alone, made Julia feel uneasy; but she replied with the utmost calmness, "To Pau? Oh dear no; not quite so far as that. I am going to Vic Bigorre, to stay with a sister of mine who lives there."

"Ah, Madame is going to Vic Bigorre. Very good." And the gendarme took his foot off the carriage-step, satisfied that this traveller was not one of the individuals wanted. As he was turning away Julia asked what o'clock it was.

"Past three, Madame," he replied.

And then Julia begged him to hold his lantern so that she might set her watch, which had stopped. "I am exceedingly obliged to you, Monsieur," she said when she had done it.

"Quite welcome," the gendarme said. "The horses seem long in coming. Does not Madame feel impatient?"

"Not at all," returned Julia; "only tired and sleepy." The gendarme looked about, and up and down the road. There was not the faintest shadow of a man to be seen.

"I wish Madame a good journey," he said, and departed, directing his steps towards a cabaret on the roadside, where the main road branches off to Agen on the right, and on the left to Tarbes and Pau. In the chimney corner another gendarme was sitting, who, addressing his comrade as he entered by the name of Antoine, inquired if any vehicle was in sight on the Toulouse road.

"None. There is a carriage with one person in it changing horses yonder, but there is no trace of the people we want."

"Good. They may pass yet, for it is but early. I'll go and have a look round."

"'Tis a raw morning, Serres," said Antoine. "Have a thimbleful of cognac." Serres tossed his thimbleful off, drew up the hood of his cloak, and walked down towards the posting-house. A thick mist had come on, so that the travelling carriage was not to be seen; but he conjectured that it was still there, as he could hear the horses kicking and the ostlers swearing at them. He went on, peering right and left through the mist. Presently, hearing a cheerful whistle behind him, he stopped and drew himself close up to the ditch on the roadside to let the whistler pass. All at once he pricked

up his ears. "That is not a French tune," he thought, "and that is a strange sort of step, too. How he flings along!" And he followed.

The whistling presently ceased, and the smoke of tobacco reached Serres' nostrils.

"Ah, ha," he thought again, "what sort of a foot-passenger are you, that can afford cigars of that quality, I should like to know?" And he quickened his pace.

By the time he was come up to the posting-house, the ostlers were fastening the traces of the extra horse, for the road is heavy for many miles beyond Auch. The foot-passenger whom he had followed was standing smoking at the carriage-door, and the person inside was speaking to him.

"It is getting miserably chilly," she was saying. "I suppose one would not dare taste the coffee at this wretched little place?"

"I should say not," was Harry's answer. "You must have a nip of cognac out of my flask." And the flask being produced, Julia, nothing loth, took a nip.

"If you were to take cold, and get your cough back, I should never forgive myself. You must take another nip, Julia, if it were but for my sake."

Thus adjured, Julia tasted the vulgar liquid a second time, and professed herself much comforted.

"I'll come inside again when I have finished my cigar," said Harry, jumping on the box. "Now then, postillion, *dizayshy, ong root!*"

"Your passport, Monsieur, if you please?" said Serres, touching him on the sleeve.

"Eh? what? Confound you, why couldn't you ask for it before they had finished putting in the horses?"

"Your passport, Monsieur, if you please!" Serres repeated.

"I hear you well enough," Harry growled out, as he produced the document in question. "Subject of her Britannic Majesty, and so forth. It's all right, old fellow; look at the lion and the unicorn. Now then, postillion!"

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"Wait!" said Serres, lifting his forefinger.

The postillion obeyed. "What are you waiting for, you lubber? Why don't you get on when I tell you?" cried Harry.

With great deliberation Serres took the passport, lit a small lantern, and peered at every line on the paper.

"I see here," he said, "that Monsieur is described correctly, but I fail to perceive that Madame is mentioned."

"Madame is not mentioned, as it happens," replied Harry. "Out with your passport, Julia, quick. It looks exactly as if the fellow were keeping us here on purpose. You see that Madame has her own passport, don't you? It's all right. Here is a ten-franc piece for you to drink to Madame's good health."

"I don't like his looks," quoth Julia; "and there was a man here before, asking to see my passport."

"Madame is the wife of Monsieur?" Serres inquired.

"I'll knock you down if you dare say the contrary," was Harry's answer; "so look out."

"There will be no necessity for Monsieur's giving himself that trouble. I must request Monsieur and Madame to accompany me quietly, and to consider themselves in custody till they can give a clear account of this passport business. Monsieur will descend from the box and step inside."

"In custody!" roared Harry. "Take your hand off me, you wretched sneaking lubber of a Frenchman, if you don't want to be made mincemeat of in less than no time. You shall feel the weight of an English fist for once in your life, —you shall!"

"Don't touch the man, Harry, I entreat, I implore you!" shrieked Julia. "He would as soon shoot you dead as not. Do get in quietly. At the worst we can only be detained two or three hours. I feel sure that it is his stupidity, not the passports being wrong; but don't you see that you complicated matters by declaring I was your wife? If you had not——"

"What on earth was I to do? You

wouldn't have had me let him suppose that you were not my wife, would you?"

To which question Julia returned no answer. "It was unfortunate to have raised his suspicions, but we must make the best of the situation. I suppose they will let us have a fire and something to eat, if we pay them well for getting it. I suppose we shall have to go to the police-station; or do you think they would allow us to go to an hotel, if we promised not to leave it?"

"I am sure I can't tell," said Harry; "but I know that if I speak to that fellow again I shall not be able to help knocking him down. I hate France. I declare I'll never enter the vile country again when once I'm out of it."

Agreeably to Serres' orders, the postillion had driven back through the town. The carriage now stopped in the courtyard of a large white building, over whose gateway waved the tri-coloured flag. Serres let down the steps, and requested them to descend.

"Is this the police-station?" Julia inquired.

The gendarme returned no answer. "You must come this way," said he, and pointed to a side door giving access to a wing of the building. He took them up a dark, shabby staircase, made them enter a room, and locked the door upon them.

"What a wretched hole!" was Julia's exclamation. It was a bare, white-washed room, with a floor of red, unpolished tiles, and no furniture besides a deal table and a few common rush-bottomed chairs. The window looked into a well court, and the air which came in as they opened it was of such a description as to make them quickly shut it again.

"I never did know of such an awful sell as this," said Harry. "To be stopped by a beast of a French gendarme! and I would bet anything you like, that both our passports were as right as a trivet."

"I wonder why the gendarme would not answer me when I asked whether this was the police-station?"

"I suppose he thought he would not answer a useless question. Like his impudence!"

"I don't believe this is the police-station. The tops of the railings in the courtyard were gilt, did you observe?"

"No. I was in too great a rage to look at anything."

"I only managed to observe just that; it was so foggy."

"I wonder how long those French brutes are going to keep us locked up in this miserable hole!"

"At any rate, Harry, this is the very last place to which your mother would think of coming to look for us."

"Very true. There is some comfort in that," sighed Harry. "But I should have liked just to knock that fellow down, nevertheless."

Meantime, gendarme Antoine had fallen asleep on the settle at the cabaret, and had roused himself to find it sunrise. "Where is Serres gone?" he asked of the mistress of the cabaret.

"He has not been back since he first went out," was the reply.

"Down there at the turning, I dare say," thought Antoine, as he stretched himself, "watching the road like a tomcat watching for a mouse." Then Antoine, with much confidence in his own acuteness, walked up the road, intending to pass through the town and look out for vehicles approaching from the Toulouse side; thinking what a rage Serres would be in when he found that while he had been watching one end of Auch, the suspected individuals had been taken at the other.

Antoine accordingly walked on as far as the Place Royale. As he was crossing the Place to enter the Cour d'Etigny, a travelling carriage, with two people inside, and its four horses all in a foam, dashed in from the Rue d'Arcole, the street which leads to the Toulouse road; and Antoine placed himself directly in its way.

"Halt!" he cried, as the postillion called to him furiously to get out of the way. "Halt! In the name of the law!"

The cocked-hat and the authoritative

words were quite enough to ensure obedience. The postillion drew up suddenly, and felt in his side-pocket for his licence. That being safe, the law could have nothing to say to him.

"What do you mean by pulling up in the middle of the road?" cried M. de Luzarches out of the window. "Go on, you blockhead!"

"Show your passport, if you please," said Antoine, opening the carriage-door.

"Does one want a passport merely to go from Toulouse to Auch?" the Baron inquired.

"Certainly."

"In that case, I regret to say, we are unprovided."

"Then I must trouble you to come with me to the préfecture, and give an account of yourselves."

"Just so. We were on our way there."

"Indeed!" quoth Antoine, jumping on the box, in high glee at the thought of the rage Serres would be in; for there was no doubt but that these were the people "wanted!"

"This delay will be fatal," said Mrs. Russell, as, in answer to M. de Luzarches' entreaties to be allowed to communicate with the préfet, he was told that M. le Préfet could not be disturbed before his usual hour for rising.

"It is only just sunrise," said Mrs. Russell, in despair. "I daresay the préfet won't be stirring for the next two hours, and in that time what a start they will have had. What is to be done, Baron? This evening Estelle's marriage-contract was to have been signed, and yet, how can I go back without that girl?"

"Madame," said M. de Luzarches, "I do not disguise from you that the situation is every moment becoming more complicated. Nevertheless, you must not lose hope. The préfet is my friend, and, even though we be kept waiting for two hours, depend upon it that when once we do see him, a very few words from me will be sufficient to induce him to send off a telegram to Pau, to intercept the fugitives before they can enter the town."

It was with scant ceremony that they were made to alight and enter an upstairs room belonging to the official part of the préfecture. The gendarme locked the door upon them. Mrs. Russell stood one moment listening to the clank of his sword as he went downstairs, and then sat down by the table, and leaned wearily against it. She had not felt any fatigue while she was in actual pursuit, but now that she was reduced to inaction it began to weigh her down. Besides which, her hopes of preventing the marriage between her son and Julia were becoming fainter and fainter. She covered her face and heaved a despondent sigh. She had been too absorbed in her disappointment and annoyance to observe that there were two people in the room, sitting close together by the window. But M. de Luzarches—who, having no personal stake in Mrs. Russell's ill-success, was in no way absorbed or absent—had no sooner entered the room than he fixed his eye upon the backs of those two individuals. He now walked straight up to where they were sitting, and taking off his hat, said, with a very low bow, "Monsieur and Mademoiselle, I have the honour to wish you a good morning. May I venture to express a hope that you were not much jolted by your journey?"

Mrs. Russell jumped up and ran across the room.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, my dear boy!" she cried, and fell upon his neck and kissed him.

Julia gave two little shrieks. She was tired, and hungry, and sleepy, and felt not unreasonably startled. Mrs. Russell took no more notice of her than if she had not been there.

"My dear boy, my dearest Harry," she cried, all fluttering and trembling, as she unfastened the clasp of her travelling-bag, "what do you think I have here for you? A letter from the Admiralty, dear, that I have been travelling all night to give you. Oh! and what could have induced you to go off like this, just two days before your

sister's wedding? But do open the letter."

"We intended to be back in time for the wedding," said Harry, feeling utterly discomfited, and glad that the broad sheet of paper was an excuse for not lifting his eyes to meet his mother's. "If I had known what was to be the upshot of this business," he thought, "I would not have undertaken it for a thousand pounds. Her bringing the Admiralty letter puts me in the wrong box entirely. I only wish she would have blown me up instead of kissing and my-dearing."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Russell had drawn Julia to the other end of the room, and now proceeded to torture her in a gentle, ladylike manner.

"Are you at all aware," she began, "of what a terrible position you are in? My poor, dear, romantic child, you have forgotten that there are no Gretna Greens in this country. It was a mercy that I got here in time to stop you. You would have found out at Pau that your journey had been taken in vain."

"A Consul resides at Bayonne, and we should have gone on there," said Julia, who had partly recovered herself.

"My dear creature," said Mrs. Russell, in tones which betrayed much sarcasm, in spite of her endeavour to infuse as much sympathy as possible into them for Harry's ear—"My dear, silly child, not all the Consuls in France could have married you. My son is a minor."

"A minor!" Julia repeated, in blank dismay, for Harry looked at least four-and-twenty.

"Yes, my dear. And no Consul would dare grant a licence to a minor."

"Then, in that case," said Julia—who, although she had no objection to a boy-lover, did not at all like the idea of a boy-husband, but who felt that there was nothing for her but to brazen the matter out—"in that case, Mrs. Russell, we should have gone straight up to Paris, and been married at the British Embassy."

"No, dear, you could not. Harry being a minor, and I his only surviving

parent, my consent, either verbal or in writing, must have been forthcoming." Of the correctness of this last statement she was not quite certain, but she hazarded it. "And only think how frightfully compromised you would have been had you actually gone to Paris! As it is——" and Mrs. Russell's head gave an ominous shake, and her lips closed as if they refused the task of depicting the awfulness of Julia's position. As for Julia, for the first time in her life she confessed to herself that she had acted foolishly; for the first time, she felt a dread of consequences.

"Take me back, oh, do take me back!" she faltered. "Yes, it was a blessing you came here. But I didn't mean any harm—really I didn't—and oh, please don't let anybody know——"

"Of course, my dear, I'll do my best; but you cannot be surprised if some unpleasant reports do get about; you must remember, all the servants knew of your going off." And with this sting Mrs. Russell left her, and went back to Harry.

"Well, Harry, what is your news?"

"I'm appointed to the *Hero*; a capital ship; she is a steam-frigate of four hundred horse-power. I know a good many of the fellows on board of her, so that it will be pleasant for me. I have to join immediately, of course."

"What is her destination? do you know?"

"I am not told; but there was a talk at Portsmouth of her being sent to the west coast of Africa."

"The west coast of Africa!" Mrs. Russell thought of the fever, and trembled. The idea of her son lying sick and helpless, and her not being there to nurse him, took away all her strength. "Ah!" she sighed, sitting down by him, "ah! that coast!"

"Cheer up, mother. Why, you never changed colour when I was going off to the Australian station, and why should you bother yourself now? You know a sailor is always on the move."

"I was thinking of the African fever," she replied.

"You must not think of it," said Harry, thankful to be able to speak of anything that did not concern Julia. "I do assure you that I believe fellows make a fuss about that fever because they find the African station dull in comparison with the Mediterranean or the Australian. Of course I don't mean to pretend that it's not more feverish than some stations, but I believe that if a fellow minds what he is about, he need not get the fever there sooner than at Alexandria or Sydney. And after all, mother, if a fellow does kick the bucket—why, if nobody died, there would be no promotion—and *dulce et decorum est*—and all the rest of it, you know."

"Don't, Harry! I cannot bear your talking in that manner, I cannot indeed; I feel shaken."

"Well, mother, I promise you I'll rig out a medicine-chest that shall beat the doctor's into fits; and I'll go on the sick-list if my little finger so much as aches. I can't do more, now can I?"

"I'm sure you will be prudent, dear, for my sake as well as your own."

"Mother," said Harry, with some hesitation, but emboldened by the kind tone of Mrs. Russell's voice: "Mother dear, you will promise me not to be savage with—with—Julia? She is very fond of me, she is indeed, and——"

"Fond of him! I daresay! the creature!" thought Mrs. Russell, setting her teeth.

"And—well, you know, the fact is we might have been man and wife by this time, only we were stopped; and I hope you will please to consider our marriage deferred, not broken off. It is due to her that it should be so considered," said Harry, with some dignity.

"Even had you gone on without interruption," said Mrs. Russell in her quietest tones, "you would have found a marriage with her impossible, owing to your being a minor!"

"What!" exclaimed Harry in consternation. "Would not the Consul at Bayonne have married us?"

"No Consul in France would have dared to do so, unless you had been

furnished with my consent in writing. It is indeed fortunate that I arrived here in time to stop you from going on. As it is, the disgrace, the inevitable exposure, that Julia has drawn down upon herself, are sufficiently appalling to me. Her good name——"

Harry actually groaned. "Her good name!—and that beast of a gendarme took her for my wife—and I ought to have been on my way to England hours and hours ago! Mother, do this for me. Come with us to Paris, and let us be married there: do, for pity's sake!"

"How can I go to Paris?" asked Mrs. Russell. "This evening Estelle's marriage-contract is to be signed, and the wedding is fixed for to-morrow."

"If Estelle's wedding is deferred, her character won't suffer," Harry insisted. "Do you not see that our marriage must take place? Would you wish me to act so that if Julia had a brother he would call me out? Let Estelle wait; I daresay she won't mind."

"But I should. And you are mistaken if you think that no unpleasantness would arise from her wedding being put off at the last moment. You and Julia are both in a position which is entirely of your own making. It would be wrong in me to let Estelle suffer in any way for your fault. I am sorry for Julia, but I cannot consent to what you propose."

Further entreaties on Harry's side were cut short by the appearance of an official, who desired their attendance in the next room.

The préfet was enveloped in a very flowery dressing-gown, and seated at his writing-table. The two gendarmes stood near the door, both looking heated and angry. They had had a violent altercation, each declaring that his capture was the right one.

The official took his place at his desk and spread a sheet of Government foolscap ready. The préfet, who had been looking over some papers, now said, without looking up, "Take down their names and surnames."

"Octave-Charles-Joseph-Xavier-Louis, Baron de Luzarches, Grand Cross of the

Legion of Honour," said the Baron briskly.

"Hey, what's that?" exclaimed the préfet, jumping up. "Luzarches, how on earth did you come here? And what have you been doing?"

"Doing? Travelling all night. *Apropos*, permit me to introduce these ladies as my friends, and this young officer, Monsieur Roussel, the son of Madame, —young officer, my dear, of the most distinguished in the English navy. And now two words with you in your private room."

The Baron's interview had not lasted many moments before the préfet's bell rang and was answered by the clerk, who, on returning, told the two gendarmes that their further attendance was not required. Monsieur had given a satisfactory account of himself and the rest of the party to M. le Préfet. Serres and Antoine left the room sulkily; each would have preferred that his captives should have turned out to be people of importance—plotters against the Government, or first-class swindlers. Harry looked after them as they went, with some lingering regret that he had not knocked Serres down. In the préfet's private room M. de Luzarches and the imperial functionary were enjoying a hearty laugh.

"But what a country England must be!" said the préfet, when he had had his laugh out. "What an awfully immoral country! I had indeed heard that it is permitted to Englishmen to put their wives up to auction, and that a most extraordinary amount of liberty is allowed to their unmarried women; but this story of yours surpasses all that I could ever have conceived. And do you actually mean to tell me that such a marriage might have taken place in England, and that the parents could not have prevented it?"

"So Madame Roussel tells me," said the Baron.

"But when that young lady goes back to her own country, will she not be frightfully compromised by this affair?"

The Baron shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. Perhaps. Perhaps not.

Here of course she would never be received again, if such an escapade got wind. She would be forced to hide herself in a convent. But then the English are so eccentric! There is no knowing how they may choose to view a fact. But the English view of facts as regards Mademoiselle Julia troubles me very little. What does trouble me is my uncertainty as to what view our good 'people at Toulouse may take of Madame Roussel, who has been perfectly blameless in the matter. I cannot sufficiently express to you my admiration of her heroic attitude. She acted last night with the decision and promptitude of a general surprised by the enemy. There were neither faintings nor screamings, nor useless words. And in quite another way her daughter is as admirable as she is herself; perfectly refined in mind, perfectly well brought up in every way. Quite another sort of girl to that creature in there, I assure you."

Just about the time when Mrs. Russell, Julia, Harry, and M. de Luzarches were sitting down to break their fast at the préfet's well-spread board, Mrs. Russell's cook Marie was having a gossip with Madame Fleury's cook, as the two jogged along with their market-baskets towards the Place du Capitole. Marie, in spite of Mathurine's hint to her to hold her tongue, or perhaps because of the hint, told the whole story of Mademoiselle Julia's elopement to her friend, in strict confidence. Madame Fleury's cook was a Béarnaise, and Marie was a Béarnaise, and that was quite enough to make them friends and confidantes in a strange country, as they considered Languedoc to be. Coming back from market, Madame Fleury's cook met the Comte de Montaignu's valet; and the valet being a Béarnais and her particular friend, she told him in confidence what Marie had told her. The valet, going home to give his master his morning cup of coffee, met the Comtesse's maid coming out of the Dominican chapel in Rue Vélane. Gracieuse being a Béarnaise, he could not do less than tell her the spicy tale Madame Fleury's cook had just told him.

"You will not let this go further," the valet said in conclusion. "Let people manage their affairs as best they can; it is not our interest to make mischief."

But Gracieuse was too horrified at the story she had heard to promise silence. "I think, on the contrary," she said, "that the whole family Roussel must be tainted, and that a connexion with it ought to be stopped, even at the eleventh hour. I myself never approved of Monsieur Raymond's marrying a heretic. If the marriage happens to be broken off, I shall consider it is by the interposition of the Holy Virgin and Monsieur Raymond's patron. I wonder how Madame la Comtesse, who has such particular devotion for our Blessed Lady, could ever have brought herself to think of such a marriage as this for her son."

"There was such a fine fortune, you see," said the valet. "I would advise you to hold your tongue, Mademoiselle; you may get no thanks for telling."

"I shall think about it," said Gracieuse. But she had not been many minutes in Madame de Montaignu's room before the tale was told. Madame listened with a look much resembling that of a cat about to spring, and when Gracieuse had finished, she exclaimed, "The whole family is tainted!" rushed to the bell-rope, and rang so furiously, that two of the lacqueys rushed in from the ante-room, supposing that either Madame or Madame's parrot must have fallen down dead.

"Tell my son," she said, "to come here without a moment's delay."

Monsieur Raymond had sat up nearly all night writing poetry, and was in a sound sleep now, his valet said, refusing to wake him.

"He will have to wake and hear me, nevertheless," said Madame. Wrapping a silk handkerchief round her head, she went to her son's room and banged the door after her loud enough to wake him.

Raymond opened his eyes in amazement at the strange figure approaching his bed. But as it was a most unusual thing for his mother to leave her room until she had been made fit for company by Gracieuse, his amazement at her attire

was quickly merged into anxiety; and he exclaimed, "Is my father ill?"

"Not that I know of; but there have been such awful doings at the Hôtel St.-Jean that I could not lose a moment in speaking to you."

"Is Mees Estelle ill? No? Then what on earth can be the matter?" cried Raymond, sitting up.

"It is an affair in which that girl that is staying there is concerned."

"Mademoiselle Julie? Bah! how should her affairs interest me? If it was only to speak of her, it was not worth while to come to my room with such an ugly night-cap," said Raymond, turning round, and burying his head in the pillow with a yawn, with every intention of going to sleep again. Madame de Montaignu stamped on the floor.

"Never mind my night-cap," she said, putting up her hands nevertheless to smooth the starched frills, which were standing up above her forehead. "This matter does concern you, and must concern you. I consider the whole family to be tainted," Madame concluded, in the very words her maid Gracieuse had used on hearing the story from the valet.

Raymond was by this time as wide awake and as eager to hear his mother as she could desire. He heard all she had to say, and then declared confidently that the whole story was a vile fabrication.

"I wonder at a woman of your acuteness listening to such a tissue of nonsense for a moment. And I wonder at Gracieuse having the impudence to retail it."

"Gracieuse believed she was doing her duty in letting me know, and so she was. And I believe that there is never smoke without fire, and that something has happened. I shall take steps to find out, and if it is of such a nature as to implicate the Russells in the slightest degree, I shall stop your marriage." Madame opened the bedroom door as she said this.

"Mother, nothing can happen to implicate Mees Estelle. Do not let that idea take possession of you."

"I said, 'the Russells,' all or any of them. I never supposed that little pale-

faced chit had done anything; she doesn't look as if she were clever enough to be naughty," said Madame de Montaigu.

"Listen to me one moment: I mean what I say, mother. If my marriage is broken off, I shall die. I have made up my mind that I cannot live without Estelle. If you forbid my marriage, I will not try to live without her. I suppose you do not wish to become my murderess?"

"Don't talk like such a fool!" said Madame, banging the door after her.

CHAPTER XVII.

MONSIEUR RAYMOND BEGINS TO WOO IN EARNEST.

ESTELLE had risen as usual at sunrise. After having watered her flowers and fed her gold-fish, and seen Alfred off to the early morning school, she retired to the garden to learn her Greek lesson, as she would have done had her mother been home. By the time she knew it the sun was high, and the air getting hot. She got some books from the house, sat down under the shade of a Siberian crab-tree just coming into blossom, and began to read "*Froissart's Chronicles*."

In the midst of her reading of the chapter where the rare old gossip tells of his presenting his book to Richard of Bourdeaux, and of his gracious reception by that elegant young prince, she heard footsteps along the gravel-walk; and looking up, saw, as she expected, her maid Lisette with a tray, on which were a cup of coffee, a bunch of roses, and the Toulouse paper. But behind Lisette came Monsieur Raymond, with great disturbance written in his face. When Estelle caught sight of him she was so astonished that she dropped her book and started up, meditating instant flight. But one glance showed her that flight was impossible, for, except for the gravel path in front, the crab-tree stood surrounded by an impervious thicket of

clematis. There was no alternative but to remain and speak to him: so she waited till Monsieur Raymond was near enough, and then drawing herself up to her full height, she made him a stately curtsy, at the same time giving Lisette a look which asked as plainly as possible what she was thinking of to bring Monsieur Raymond there. And Lisette, understanding the look, answered hurriedly, "I could not help it, Mademoiselle. I could not prevent his following me; he was not to be got rid of." Then laying the breakfast-tray on the garden-seat, she stood aside, wondering what would be the result of the interview.

There was just a grain of truth in Lisette's assertion. Monsieur Raymond had presented himself at the door, and had inquired for Mrs. Russell. Jean-Marie had replied that Madame had been suddenly called from home on business, but was hourly expected to return. It being clear from this answer that something had occurred, his mother's threat assumed in Raymond's estimation an importance which it had hitherto lacked entirely. A sudden impulse prompted him to ask for Mademoiselle. Jean-Marie would have informed him without more ado of her whereabouts, had not Mathurine, that dragoness and pearl of duennas, bid him, in her vigorous Languedocian patois, hold his tongue for a blundering fool; and then, turning to Raymond, told him curtly that Mademoiselle received no one in the absence of her mother.

When Raymond had got half-way downstairs, he saw Lisette standing with a breakfast-tray before a little oaken door at the end of the corridor. She stood with the tray poised on one hand, and with the other appeared to be fumbling with the latch. "I wonder in what corner of the garden Mademoiselle will have hidden herself?" she said, in a perfectly audible voice.

Raymond darted forward and opened the door for her. "Thank you, Monsieur Raymond," she said. "This is a terribly heavy door to move with one hand."

"Is that Mademoiselle's breakfast?" he inquired.

"Yes. Might I ask you to shut the door after me, Monsieur? Strange dogs come up sometimes, and Mademoiselle is very particular about the flower-beds." Then, with a demure "good-morning," Lisette tripped away, seemingly oblivious of M. Raymond's existence. Raymond, with a full consciousness that he was sinning against propriety, followed her, and found himself in a very few moments face to face with Estelle. But even with his full consciousness of transgression, he had not expected such an annihilating reception as she gave him.

"To what cause may I attribute this very untimely visit, Monsieur?" was the freezing inquiry which followed close upon Estelle's magnificent curtsey.

Raymond stood before her utterly abashed. A conviction came over him that nothing but the plain, unvarnished truth would do, and he told it, stammering and hesitating for the first time in his life, from sheer nervousness.

"I thought," he concluded, "that, considering the circumstances, as your mother was away from home, and as it was of so much consequence that the report should be contradicted forthwith,—that I might venture to ask for your authority to contradict it. I have to beg pardon for intruding upon you and telling you all this; I could not have ventured on such a step had not my—the person who told me—actually believed it. And my mother felt some anxiety about the honour of the family. I am obliged to say all this to excuse myself. I trust you will forgive me. It is very astonishing what things people will believe sometimes. But don't think that I—that any one with a grain of sense believes it," he added, perceiving her heightened colour.

"I am sorry to say that it is all true," Estelle murmured, feeling in her turn utterly abashed.

"All true!" Raymond repeated in amazement. And then, his mother's words recurring to him with redoubled force, he cried, "What will become of me? What will be the end of this!"

This exclamation gave a gleam of hope to Estelle. Her marriage might be delayed—broken off—who could tell?

"It will make a difference, no doubt," she said, with something like her former haughty manner.

"It will make no difference to me, Mademoiselle, but it will to my mother; and I tremble to think of how that difference may affect me. It is not with impunity that a man places himself in opposition to his family."

"Monsieur Raymond, I must beg you to understand clearly, that I am the last person who would wish to place you in opposition to your family."

"Mademoiselle, in speaking thus you scarcely consider the embarrassment—I may say the cruelty—of my position."

"I wish to make it easier, if I can. I say I will not be the one to make you act in opposition to your family."

"It is that which I complain of," said Raymond. "My position was embarrassed; you render it cruel when you say what means in so many words that you would give me up."

"That is what I do mean. It seems to me that I am doing you a kindness rather than the reverse."

"Listen to me, Mademoiselle. My mother declared this morning that if there were truth in this report, she would forbid our marriage. I come here, and find, most unexpectedly, that it is actually true. I know then what I have to expect from my mother. She never had a heart in her life, so she is not likely to consider mine. I cannot conceal from myself the gravity of this affair of Mademoiselle Julia's. It is in truth so scandalous, that it is difficult to believe how any man of honour could adopt such a line of conduct as that which Monsieur your brother has seen fit to adopt."

"Monsieur!" Estelle exclaimed, quivering from head to foot with anger. "I wonder," she went on, speaking quickly and indignantly, "I do wonder that you should dare come here and hint that my brother has been guilty of dishonourable conduct!"

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle."

"No, I will not pardon. You would have thought twice before saying it if I had been a man. And that you should think it only shows you to be as ignorant of English customs as my brother Harry is of French. Poor Harry!" she went on, her lips quivering with anger and vexation; "poor fellow! he would never have acted as he did last night had he known of the insuperable difficulties in his way. Had he been in England, it would have been far otherwise. It is even possible there for people to get married without either telling their families or running away."

"And their parents and friends receive them afterwards?" Raymond asked in much amazement.

"They can do as they please about that; but they cannot break the marriage."

"What a strange country yours must be! I see, Mademoiselle, that I spoke hastily and ignorantly, and I entreat your forgiveness. But you, who have lived so long in France, must be fully aware that society here takes a very different view of these matters."

"Yes, I know that."

"People who elope, whether married afterwards or not, are considered to have compromised themselves so gravely, that they must not hope to be received again. That is the view society takes. My mother, unhappily for my peace, chooses to take an extreme view. She chooses to consider it possible for others besides the two parties concerned to be compromised. It is useless for me to represent that such an extreme view is ridiculous as well as unjust. My mother chooses to hold this or that view because she chooses; there is no appeal. She chose to make my marriage; now she chooses to mar it. And you know what a parent's authority goes for in France. I speak of my mother only, because she can make my poor old father do exactly as she likes. You know that there is a last resource against parental despotism. I have no alternative but to avail myself of it. Only, even that will do me no good unless you will promise to stand by me."

"But I do not wish you to avail yourself of it," said Estelle, who understood that he alluded to *les trois sommations respectueuses*—the three appeals, or summonses, which French sons and daughters are allowed to serve on parents who choose to thwart their matrimonial designs after they have attained majority. If, after the serving of the third summons, the parents' consent is not forthcoming, the marriage may take place without it. But this is a measure only resorted to in extreme cases; and such sons and daughters are branded by public opinion as undutiful children, and looked on coldly in consequence, no matter what the parents' tyranny may have been. Estelle listened in dismay as Monsieur Raymond declared his intention. "Monsieur, you must consider that such a course would give pain to your father and mother, besides causing great scandal."

"I will not care for that," he said, taking her hand. "I am ready to brave father and mother for your sake. You are more to me than they."

"I am sorry for you, but it must not be. As I said before, I decline to be the one to put you in opposition to your parents," said Estelle, as she tried to withdraw her hand. But Raymond held it fast.

"Have pity on me, Mademoiselle! I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. Alas! till this unhappy morning I had looked forward to having the right to tell you of my love after to-morrow. I have been counting the days like a schoolboy expecting his holidays. Waking and sleeping, you have occupied my thoughts. Heart and brain are alike yours. What more can I say?" He was bending over her hand now, and Estelle felt two hot tear-drops fall on it as he pressed his lips to it.

"I am not worth your love," she said, bewildered by the sudden passion in his voice and manner. She had supposed that her thirty thousand pounds was what he had wanted. And now it seemed that he was not satisfied with that, but must needs have love besides. And she had none to give him.

"Not worth my love! Oh! Mademoiselle, you are worth more to me than I can tell. I would endure years of suffering, if only I might call you mine at last."

"Circumstances will probably render that impossible."

"Do not talk of circumstances. Give me your promise to be true."

"It does not depend on me. You know it does not."

"But you would give me your promise if it did?"

"I do not know. I have acted under my mother's guidance," said Estelle, turning herself away from him.

"Ah," Raymond exclaimed, hopefully, "I know your mother will take my side."

"I do not think she will," said Estelle.

During the foregoing conversation, Lisette had slipped off to a discreet distance, which, however, did not prevent her keeping her eye on Monsieur Raymond and her mistress. She had thought the love-making on his side the prettiest thing of the kind she had ever seen in her life. Now, fancying that Estelle was looking towards her, as if she wished her nearer, she approached within speaking distance, and said: "Mademoiselle's coffee will be quite cold."

Raymond felt that this was a broad hint for him to take his departure.

"Will you give me a good shake-hands, like the English?" he asked.

"No," Estelle replied, very gravely. She had never given him her hand, even in Mrs. Russell's presence, and his asking for it now only showed what great presumption he could be capable of. As if the fact of his being in her presence now that her mother was away was not a sufficient sin against French etiquette! Talk of Harry, indeed! Why, Monsieur Raymond was behaving tenfold worse. He was transgressing with his eyes open. And to crown all, he must ask her to shake hands with him!

"You never wanted to shake hands when Mamma was by," she said with

great dignity. "So why should you now?"

"Because we have had a quarrel, and I hoped we were friends again. Will you shake hands this evening, when your mother is by?"

"I cannot promise. This evening may never come in the sense you mean."

Raymond drew a long breath. "It is cruel of you to remind me of that. You might have given me just a kind word to make me happy all this long day. I did not think I was asking for what seems so totally out of your power. I wish you a good morning, Mademoiselle." And he turned away abruptly as he spoke, and walked up the path, leaving Estelle looking after him.

By the time he had disappeared among the bushes that grew near the house she had begun to think that she had been unnecessarily cold and haughty in her behaviour. After all, if he did love her, he was not to blame; and though it was contrary to her expectations, it showed that he was better than she had supposed him. He could neither help Julia's running away with Harry nor Madame de Montaigu's considering that the elopement affected the honour of her family. As the top of his hat became invisible, she began to take herself to task for her unkindness, and longed to make amends.

"Monsieur Raymond! Monsieur Raymond!" she cried. Raymond, now at the garden-door, turned back, and saw her running towards him with outstretched hands. He turned and met her half way.

"Don't be angry," she cried; "I did not mean to hurt you—I am sorry if I did. Will you shake hands now?"

She stopped no longer than just to give Monsieur Raymond time to lift first one hand and then the other to his lips, and then press them tenderly in his own. She turned away quickly, and ran back to where Lisette was standing.

"Oh, Lisette, how could you do such a thing as let him in? What a fuss Mathurine would make if she knew it!"

To which Lisette replied, shrugging her shoulders, that Mathurine could have done no better than she did. Mathurine was one of the most tiresome old maids alive. Could Mathurine herself have taken him by the shoulders and turned him out?

No, Estelle said, but Mathurine would have told him plainly that it was not well for Mademoiselle to receive him; that, in fact, it was contrary to etiquette.

He knew that already, Lisette averred, and much he seemed to care for it. "I believe he is half mad with love," she cried. "Why, Mademoiselle, how can you help seeing it by his looks? I declare I wondered to see you so quiet and so cold—with a Yes and a No, and standing up so grand, and looking off straight in front of you. And your wedding fixed for to-morrow! I wouldn't like to marry with such a cold heart as yours, Mademoiselle, although you will be dressed so fine." And Lisette departed, quite unconscious of the sting her words contained.

Raymond, not wishing to see his mother till he had well decided on the attitude he had best assume towards her, instead of going home, got his breakfast at a café, and then taking a cab drove to Château Montaigu.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned. As he entered the gateway he was met by his valet, who told him that Madame de Montaigu had been anxiously inquiring for him, and had desired to be told the moment he came in. "Now for a scene!" thought Raymond, as he ascended to the drawing-room, heartily wishing the interview over. "Stay there, I am coming!" cried Madame de Montaigu from her dressing-room, where she was giving her maid some directions respecting her dress; and Raymond sat down with some such feeling as comes over a person who is kept waiting by the dentist when he comes by appointment to have a tooth out.

"Well, my son," said Madame, entering, "I have seen Madame Roussel."

"Seen Madame Roussel!"

"Yes, and I am happy to tell you it

is all right. As soon as I was dressed I had the carriage out, and drove there to inquire. They said Madame was away, but was expected home at four o'clock. I asked for the young ladies. They were gone for a drive in the country with Madame Roussel's maid. It appeared that the son had departed the day before for England. This was very satisfactory; still, as I thought it would be best to see Madame Roussel, I said I would return in the afternoon. I went back at half-past four, and found Madame Roussel just returned, terribly fatigued, poor woman, and in great distress at parting from her son. I asked why they had not got him a substitute, as we did for you, instead of letting him enter a service in which a man is in constant danger of being drowned. But it seems that the English prefer being drowned in person rather than by proxy; a fact explained, no doubt, by their splenetic temperament. Madame Roussel had accompanied her son as far as Castel Sarasin, and it was just this and no more which had given rise to that report which alarmed me so. I have told Gracieuse that if she brings me any more such tales I shall dismiss her. After this, I shall never venture to depend on what she says."

"Did you see any one besides Madame Roussel?" Raymond asked, scarcely able to suppress a smile.

"I saw Mademoiselle Julia for one moment. She would have called Estelle, but I could not wait. Besides, we shall all meet this evening."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ESTELLE'S LAST APPEAL.

NOT a trace of pallor or fatigue was visible on Mrs. Russell's beautiful face when she received her guests that evening. Julia, too, was as fresh as a rose. How the traces of fatigue were effaced was Mrs. Russell's own secret, unshared even by Mathurine. Certain it was that both ladies had presented a most woe-begone aspect when they descended from the travelling-carriage that afternoon.

Mrs. Russell had directed the driver to put them down at the side-entrance. They had to drive through back streets to get to it, but she thought it best to avoid the chance of being recognised from any one of the numerous drawing-room windows in the Rue des Couteliers.

There was not a soul in the court when they entered. Mrs. Russell shut the door softly and scudded upstairs as if she were an interloper, followed by Julia.

Madame Fleury and her husband and niece were the only Protestants invited to witness the signing of the contract. Madame would have refused had not her curiosity carried the day against her dignity. For she had felt aggrieved at Mrs. Russell's extreme reticence, and annoyed at having been in the wrong in declaring the report of Estelle's marriage to be a fabrication. But whatever her feelings were, she swallowed them down. For Mathilde was to be married some time, and an idea or two might be gained by turning over Mees Estelle's *trousseau*.

Not that Mathilde could expect anything like this, Madame Fleury confessed with a sigh, as she fingered the Cashmere shawls, and the veil and dress of Alençon lace in which Estelle was to appear on the morrow.

"Ah," said Mademoiselle Mathildé, as she finished a close examination of Estelle's jewel-box, "how delighted you must be to be so rich; to be able to buy just anything you have a fancy for."

"I know nothing of such delights," said Estelle. "I have always had my allowance like other girls."

"Don't you think," Mademoiselle Mathilde went on, "that it will be very disagreeable to be married in the porch of the cathedral? I feel that is a thing I could never put up with. And which is to be done first, the Protestant marriage or the Catholic? I suppose the civil marriage will be quite early, will it not?"

"There are some people coming in whom I must speak to," said Estelle.

As soon as she was out of hearing, Madame Fleury took her niece to task for her inquisitiveness.

"I wonder at you, Mathilde. Can't

you see that she did not like it? You must learn more tact before you will be fit to be the head of a household. You might have asked me, and I could have told you that the religious ceremony at the cathedral takes place first. They will have to hurry it over if they get to the Temple by two, which is the hour named in the invitation. It is a pity she is going to marry a Catholic, but we must make the best of it: as dear Monsieur Cazères says, it is wonderful to see how much good may spring from what seems at the time an unmitigated evil. If she converts her husband, it will be such a triumph as the truth has not had for many a long day. Was that the notary who came in last? And did you ever see such a diamond bracelet? or such earrings? Don't they make your mouth water? As for the *trousseau*, I could not have done better myself. Every article is of the best kind. Dear, dear, how I should have liked to make up the match between her and young Anatole de Méissac! But it was not to be. Heaven often denies us the fulfilment of our best desires, as the dear pastor said last Sunday."

"How do you do, Madame Fleury?" said Julia, entering. "You are looking at my friend's pretty things. How do you do, Mademoiselle?"

Madame Fleury made a very stately curtsy, and looked at her from head to foot with a curious expression.

"My niece," she said, when she had finished her survey, "we will take a turn in the next room." And taking Mademoiselle Mathilde's arm, she sailed away with as much state as her figure was capable of expressing.

That afternoon Madame had been busily employed in taking an inventory of her house-linen, a task which she was too thorough-going a housewife to leave to any servant. She was standing in her linen-closet, a small room looking into a back street, and had counted up as far as her hundred and seventeenth holland sheet, when the unusual sound of carriage-wheels drew her to the window. Stretching her neck eagerly, she saw a dusty travelling-carriage stop at

the side-entrance of the quadrangle of the Hôtel St.-Jean, and, wonder of wonders, from it Mrs. Russell and Miss Maurice alighted, and vanished up the back staircase. Now, in spite of the pitiful ending of her weak little attempt at making a match for Estelle; in spite of Mrs. Russell's having trampled on her feelings; in spite, moreover, of Pastor Cazères' strictures on mixed marriages and his complaints of the English ladies' coldness and spiritual arrogance, Madame Fleury's good nature rose supreme. She imposed silence on the maid who brought her the report of the scandal, and resolved to hold her own tongue—at least till Estelle was married. But if she could have withered Julia with a look, she would have done it. Mathilde, surprised at her aunt's leaving the room so abruptly, whispered a request to return and chat with Miss Julia. To which her aunt replied sternly, "You will keep by me," and mounted guard over her till the business of the evening, the reading and signing of the contract, began.

Julia stood and looked after them as they left the room, her eyes dilated, her whole form quivering with passion.

"So she knows it, then! That woman has told her. I felt, when she said that she would keep my secret, that it was a lie. It is well I am going away from this place. I wish I had never come." And she sat down, and laid her cheek on her hand, and thought how it would have been if Mrs. Russell had taken the wrong track the night before.

"We should have got a clergyman to marry us, anyhow, at Pau, I daresay, and we should have been re-married in England to make it all right. I wish we had, only to spite her for all her worrying and lecturing and keeping me in order. And I hate her for telling that horrid fat Madame Fleury. I hate her so that I could kill her," she muttered, clenching her hands. "If I were such an heiress as that silly prude yonder, she would plot and plot and conspire till she had entrapped me into marrying her scatter-brained son. Ah, Mrs. Russell, you had best take care, I may have him at my feet yet," she said, angrily pushing

aside the lace and the shawls that were lying on the sofa.

As she sat, she heard the voice of M. Peyre, the notary. The reading of the marriage-contract had begun. There was a profound silence while the reading lasted, then a hum and rustle and pushing about of chairs, as the witnesses drew near to affix their signatures to the document. Presently the pop of corks was heard, and M. Peyre's dry, measured voice, proposing the health of Monsieur and Mademoiselle the contracting parties. Julia had expected that, now the reading was over, somebody would have come to fetch her. But it was so evident that she was missed by no one that she felt she hated them all, from Mrs. Russell down to M. Peyre. And the most hateful thing of all was to be surrounded with evidences of Estelle's riches, while she herself, with all her beauty, was the portionless daughter of a retired admiral.

"She!—little puling idiot, gliding in and out like a ghost—she will never enjoy what her money gives her. She only cares for stupid books and for daubing with paints. Give her a bit of chalk and a few sheets of elephant paper, and she is in paradise for a week. Her very face is only fit for the mourning figure on the top of a tombstone. She won't know how to wear her diamonds, and those lovely Indian shawls will only look like woollen wraps on her miserable little shoulders. As for her wedding-dress, she will look drowned, smothered, in all that lace to-morrow, I know. If it were I—how I would play my lady countess! I'd set off my diamonds. I'd make them set *me* off, too. They will only put *her* out. And I—oh, how tired, how tired I am of all this! Everything is so stupid. It's enough to make one turn goody, like Hen." And she laid her head on her arm, and wept, she scarce knew why.

A soft hand on her shoulder made her look up. It was Estelle. She dashed the tears from her eyelashes. It was not often that she wept, even in self-pity; and she hated that Estelle should find her in a melting mood, and think,

perhaps, that she was regretting Harry, for whom she did not care two straws.

"You are tired, dear," Estelle said, sitting down beside her. "You should not have come into the drawing-room to-night. It was too much for you after—after all that fatigue."

"It is not only that—I am sick and tired of everything and everybody. It is all stupid, and hateful, and hollow. I am sick and tired of the world," Julia exclaimed vehemently.

"O Julia," Estelle said, sighing; "so am I, very, very tired of it."

"You tired of the world?" Julia asked, pointing to the table on which all the jewels and presents were laid out. "You tired of the world, when you can call this your own—and this—and this—" she said, taking up the lace and other finery that lay in a heap near her. "And with the prospect of being a countess instead of plain Miss Russell! Only a French countess, to be sure; but then, your father was only a captain in the navy. I don't believe you mean what you say, Estelle."

"Oh," Estelle replied, "if I could only be told that I never should wear that finery—never be countess—be only plain Estelle Russell all my life—how thankfully should I say my prayers to-night!" And she began to weep silently, hiding her face in her hands.

"Now, for Heaven's sake, don't begin to cry!" said Julia, equally alarmed and annoyed. "I tell you my nerves won't bear a scene to-night, Estelle. And you know that when once you do begin you can't leave off."

"I am sorry—" Estelle began, endeavouring to check herself. Julia went on:—

"It's too bad of you. I am so tired, and so worried, and so put out, that I'm sure I don't want to have people crying where I am. It is I who have the greatest right to cry, I think, not you, who have everything this world can give you. As for me, I tell you, I am so sick of everything and everybody, and so worn out with fatigue, that I wish I were dead. There!"

"I am sorry for you, Julia, indeed I

am. And if I cried about myself just now, don't think, because of that, that I have not cared about your annoyances. I am very sorry for what you have gone through." She could not say she was sorry the marriage had not taken place. "You are certainly looking worn out and unlike yourself," she continued. "If you will let me, I will help you to undress. Why should you sit up till the people are gone? You will feel better when you are in bed." And Julia, being really exhausted, suffered Estelle to do as she proposed.

When Estelle returned to the drawing-room, every one was gone except M. de Luzarches and his wife, and Madame de Montaigu and her son.

"Here is the truant," cried Madame. "Raymond has been complaining that you have kept away from him all the evening."

"I have just learnt from Monsieur Alfred," said Raymond, coming forward, "that it is your eighteenth birthday to-day, Mademoiselle."

"Yes," Estelle replied, blushing somewhat as she explained that she did not keep her birthday, but her name-day, as every one did in France.

Raymond went up to Mrs. Russell, and, observing that birthdays only came once a year, begged her permission to embrace Mademoiselle in honour of the day. Mrs. Russell graciously assented, and he approached Estelle, and with the words, "With your mother's permission, Mademoiselle," would have kissed her on the forehead. But she, crying wildly, "No, no, no," broke away and fled to her own room, leaving her future husband much discomfited, and the spectators much amused. Mrs. Russell, alone, concealed some annoyance under her smile.

M. de Luzarches laughed heartily. "I think it will be no use to wait for her to come back." Then there was a great deal of bowing and curtsying and kissing; and her last guests having departed, Mrs. Russell was free to seek repose.

While Mathurine was undressing her, Estelle came in with her eyes swollen and her face disfigured with weeping.

Mrs. Russell asked her sharply why she was not in bed. "You won't be fit to be seen to-morrow," she remarked.

"I cannot go to bed till I have spoken to you, Mamma," said the girl huskily. "Will you please send Mathurine away for one moment?"

"Send Mathurine away?" Mrs. Russell repeated. "Certainly not. I am so tired that I can scarcely lift a finger. If I were not so tired I should scold you well for making such an absurd scene this evening. Do go to bed; and endeavour to behave rationally to-morrow."

"Mamma, it is about to-morrow that I want to speak. Dear Mamma—" she knelt down and put her hands together on her mother's knee—"do not make me marry Monsieur Raymond. I feel I cannot do it."

"Is the child mad?" asked Mrs. Russell, as she looked at Estelle kneeling before her.

"No, I am not mad now. I was when I thought I could marry him—when I thought I could marry any one except Louis. From the day the marriage was fixed to this, I declare I have never willingly thought of Louis. You chose Monsieur Raymond, and on Monsieur Raymond I have forced myself by every possible means in my power to look as on my future husband. I thought that a strong will would do everything. But I was mistaken. If Louis were here; if he only beckoned me with his finger, I would go to him, follow him, be his wife—yes, in spite of that poverty you have taught me to fear so much; in spite—I would not listen to anything you could say, if Louis only told me to come with him. Even though you should cast me off, I would not care!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," was Mrs. Russell's reply. "How dare you talk in this improper way? You are almost as bad as Julia. Get up from the carpet instantly."

"Mamma," said Estelle as she rose, "if I marry Monsieur Raymond, the whole of my life will be an acted lie."

"Don't talk in that crazy manner," Mrs. Russell said; "but just look at

the clock. Don't you see that it is actually your wedding-day? What would people say of me if it were broken off now?"

"Tell Monsieur Raymond that I love Louis Vivian with my whole heart and soul, and he will release me," cried Estelle. "I would have told him myself, only I have been such a coward. Once married, how can I dare tell him? Help me in this, Mamma, for pity's sake! Do not force me to do him such a terrible wrong. If he did not love me it would not matter so much, but he does love me. And when he finds out that I do not love him—that his wife loves some one else—I tremble to think how he will hate me then!"

"I am weary of all this nonsense," Mrs. Russell exclaimed, throwing herself back in her chair. "Monsieur Raymond would be the very last person to whom I should mention your silly fancy for Mr. Vivian. But for your perverseness you would have got over it long ago. I wonder how you could think for one moment that I should consent to compromise myself as you propose, and to be cut by every one of the Montaigu set. I hope that before long you will feel thoroughly ashamed of all you have been saying to-night, and thankful to me for not letting you have your own way."

"Then you will not tell him?"

"No, I certainly will not. And now I beg you will go away and not worry me any more."

Estelle wept that night till she could weep no longer. She had gone to her mother with a hope—a poor, faint hope, but still a hope—of being listened to. But now not even this poor, faint hope remained; her entreaties had availed no more against her mother's firmness than the spray which dashes against the rock.

"Oh," she cried out wildly, "Louis, Louis! Louis! come and take me away!" And then, remembering how her mother had written to him, "No, he has given me up. He has given me up, and nothing in the world will help me now!" And she fell asleep, praying that she might die.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHÂTEAU MONTAIGU.

NEVER during the whole course of his ministry had Pastor Cazères received such a rebuff as on the day when his evil genius prompted him to call on Mrs. Russell, and warn her solemnly against endangering her child's soul by allowing this marriage with a Catholic. That recalcitrant member of his flock had refused even to listen to what he had to say. She had interrupted him in the midst of his carefully prepared exordium, assuring him, in terms of politeness as incisive as the French language could make them, that she felt herself capable of managing both her own and her daughter's affairs without extraneous aid, either temporal or spiritual. And then, as if he had been any common morning caller, she began a frivolous discussion on the merits of the azaleas and rhododendrons at the flower-show which had been occupying all Toulouse that week. Foiled in the object of his visit, the pastor look leave, bearing away wrath and bitterness in his heart against the proud English-woman who dared so utterly to ignore his ghostly authority.

And truly a more amiable man than Pastor Cazères might have felt ruffled. But Pastor Cazères, more than any man. For he, when he paid his pastoral visits, had been wont to make his arm-chair a pulpit, whence he delivered sentences of grave import; rebuking, commending, or warning, according to the spiritual needs of his auditors. Woe to the woman who ventured to turn the monologue into a dialogue! Reproof would have followed quick upon the transgression. M. Cazères would have told her that she was speaking "as one of the foolish women speaketh," and would have put her to such utter confusion that she would have held her peace for evermore. But this woman, blind and foolish, and laden with sinfulness,—this elegant, arrogant Englishwoman, with a wave of her dainty fan, had bid him

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euphoniously to hold his tongue; him, the messenger from Heaven, the delight of the Toulousan faithful! He had retained sufficient self-control to recommend the unfortunate Estelle to the Divine protection, and to assure her misguided mother that he would not forget her in his prayers—for which Mrs. Russell had thanked him with her most ceremonious curtesy; and then he had departed, full of righteous anger, the outpouring of which fell to the lot of his meek, overworked helpmeet, and spoil her appetite for that day's dinner.

I think that both bride and bridegroom would have fared badly at this Pastor's hands had he pronounced the pastoral benediction over them. It would have been his awful duty to affix an anathema to the nuptial discourse, both for the good of the two souls more immediately concerned, and to deter his auditors from the perils of mixed marriages.

Offended as Mrs. Russell was, she would have desired that Sub-Pastor Vinel might officiate, had not her pride stepped in and whispered that such a course would assure Pastor Cazères of his words having taken some root, and that he would thereby be greatly magnified in his own estimation. So she let things remain as they were, trusting to chance for a turning aside of the sharp arrows of the Pastor's tongue. And chance interfered, in the shape of some pastoral business which called M. Cazères away to Nîmes at the eleventh hour, leaving Sub-Pastor Vinel, a raw-boned, ill-favoured youth, horribly ascetic, a red-hot importation from the College at Geneva, to pronounce the marriage homily.

"*Que la femme soit soumise,*"—"Let the wife be in subjection," was the text M. Vinel chose, and so fruitful a theme was it to him, that he was enabled to enlarge upon it for the space of one hour and a half by the clock of the Capitol.

Raymond, who had at first behaved admirably, felt his patience waning by the time M. Vinel had reached his "seventhly." Nevertheless, that the

exhortation came to an end without an "eighthly" was not owing to the bridegroom's look of weariness, but to the fact that M. Vinel's throat was getting dry, and that the sacristan had omitted to place the customary glass of water on the communion-table. That last quarter of an hour from the "seventhly," that is, to the final benediction, was an awful quarter of an hour to Raymond; and not the least part of its awfulness consisted in the pastoral gift of a big brown Bible, which, when put in his hands, he knew no more what to do with than if it had been a baby.

Madame de Montaigu being of opinion that it was exceedingly improper for two young people to go rushing about the country the instant they were married, it had been decided that the honeymoon was to be spent at the château. Madame would have wished to give a ball at her house in town on the wedding-night, but Raymond, finding from Mrs. Russell that this idea was extremely distasteful to Estelle, had stipulated that the ball was to be put off for a fortnight after the wedding, and that during that time he and his wife should remain in seclusion at the château.

It was a wonderful change in both their lives; to Raymond almost more so than to Estelle. He thought of the day before their wedding-day with a sort of feeling that it had been a horrible nightmare, in which all sorts of strange and foolish terrors had possessed him, and all sorts of cruel and impossible events had been constantly going to happen. How little would it have taken to make that nightmare a reality! Supposing Mrs. Russell not to have returned when she did; supposing Madame de Montaigu had felt less secure in her own acuteness; supposing a slip of the tongue on the part of any of Mrs. Russell's servants when she made her inquiries; supposing any one of these chances, how would he have been situated now? If Chance had been worshipped in France, Raymond would have laid a tribute on her altar. But that deity having no visible altars nowadays, his tribute was necessarily

confined to a vague, unaccustomed feeling of gratitude to the thing—Chance; Luck; fortuitous combination of circumstances—God's Providence, some men call it—which, instead of thwarting and torturing him, had given him the desire of his eyes, and completed what had hitherto been at its best a low, imperfect state of existence. They were in Eden now, Eden without its serpent. Madame de Montaigu might personate the serpent; but Madame had promised them a quiet fortnight, and it was to be hoped that she would let them have their Eden just for so long. Very delightful were Raymond's wanderings through the woods, and vineyards, and gardens, with the creature by his side from whom no power could part him, not even the whole force of united family conclave, presided over by Madame de Montaigu. That beautiful head, with its coronet of brown, gold-tipped hair, was his to caress unhidden. Those sacred lips, his own property, to kiss without stint or check. No duenna bristling with proprieties could come between them now. They were one and indivisible.

And Estelle?

Estelle was astonished to find that the change was not so bad as she had expected. You see that she had all at once got rid of a great many things which worried her. In the first place, instead of being ordered and looked after and scolded for her good, she was asked a hundred times a day what her wishes were; and this, besides being a new thing, was in itself delightful. Then, too, there was nothing at Château Montaigu to remind her of Louis Vivian. She had burnt the sandalwood box and all its contents, except the locket in which was her father's hair. She had even erased a marginal note which Louis had made when reading her "Froissart's Chronicles." And to crown all this, there was Raymond, clever, talented, as she was beginning to find out; elegant and handsome, as she had seen long ago; and lavishing his love upon her in a manner she had never even dreamt of. No woman, even the

most cold-hearted, can be quite insensible to a man's devotion. Estelle was so far touched by it that she was content already to let herself be loved. If Louis had not given her up— But he had done so, and since it was so, she felt that she would hardly like to change her husband and Château Montaignu for the Hôtel St-Jean and the stern guardianship of her mother.

The Montaignu estate was spread over that broad tongue of land which lies north-east of Toulouse, between the brawling river Ers and the Grand Canal du Midi. Northwards was a vast wood; south and west the estate was divided into vineyards and maize fields. The rest was a mere waste of sandy hillocks and pebbly drifts, inundated by the river in spring, and covered in summer and autumn by wild lavender and periwinkle and privet bushes. Behind this waste land there was an embankment which separated the cultivated portion from the waste, and kept the torrent from spreading over the low fields in times of inundation.

On the highest point of this little territory, overlooking the old city, with its tiled roofs, and the plain with its endless vineyards and maize fields, stood the melancholy château, cradle of the proud, overbearing, once powerful Sires de Montaignu. The remains of graceful arabesques might still be discerned on its battered brick façade; whose decay had been due not so much to the hand of time as to the ruthless zeal of a patriotic Toulousan mob during the Reign of Terror. Approaching by an avenue of ancient elms for about half a mile, you reached a Gothic lichen-stained portal, surmounted by an oriel window, which, for reasons best known to the architect, was placed somewhat out of the line of the centre of the portal, which itself stood considerably on one side of the façade. After passing the entrance, you got through a vaulted passage into the court, with a cloister on the east side something like that in the old convent of the Augustine friars at Toulouse, now converted

to secular uses. Along this cloister a *Banksia* rose grew unchecked, throwing its wildly luxuriant branches round the pillars and up to the roof, and carpeting the pavement all through the month of April with its fragrant petals. At one end of the cloister an oak door, half off its hinges, gave entrance to a small chapel with a groined roof, communicating with the interior of the house by a disused room in the last stage of mouldiness, yecept the library. On the right, a winding staircase of stone led to a suite of rooms on the first floor, set apart for the residence of the Countesses Dowager of Montaignu. But for more than half a century there had been no Countess Dowager, and the untenanted apartments, uncared for by French housemaids, and delivered over by them to the dominion of the spider and the moth, had gradually fallen into decay; and would have remained in that condition had they not been selected by Raymond as a residence for himself and his wife during his father's lifetime.

The apartments of the Count and Countess were on the ground-floor at the other end of the building, that which was least picturesque and best repaired. The Montaignu family had had its ups and downs in the world, and the château bore marks of its share in the buffetings of fortune. The last injuries to its structure had been those inflicted during the battle of Toulouse, on Easter Sunday, April 1814, when the western walls had been riddled with shot; while the summer drawing-room, with its frescoed walls and yellow-silken hangings, was turned into a slaughter-house by the British, who occupied the château and the neighbouring farm.

When the family returned after the proclamation of peace, it was to find the château desolate, the young crops of maize and wheat on the estate and outlying farms cut to pieces, and the well-trimmed, tufty vines trampled under foot. More than that, the ground was one vast cemetery, for the loss to the British had been severe; and often in his rounds did the gamekeeper come

upon a spot where the earth was elastic to the tread; sure sign that a corpse lay under, buried hastily where it had given up the ghost. These had been collected and re-interred in a lonely spot a mile distant from the château, where the river made a bend, and the willows swept their trailing boughs in the snowed waters as they rushed along. The superstitious peasants avoided that spot; even the poacher was scared from it by the dread of meeting the restless souls of those who lay as they had died, unconfessed and unshriven. So the wood-pigeon built unmolested in the beeches, and the hares and pheasants had the ground all to themselves, and grew and multiplied. The master of the château was half-ruined for the time, and the château itself was no safe place to live in, for malaria reigned around it, only to be dislodged by winter winds and purifying rain.

But the Comte de Montaigu, though low in purse, did not lose heart. There was an infallible plan, consecrated from time immemorial, whereby the Sires de Montaigu had renovated their drained purses; namely, by prudent alliances. So the Count assembled the family council, composed at that time solely of a younger brother and an ancient aunt; and after declaring that he intended to sacrifice himself for the good of his estate, by putting his neck under the matrimonial yoke, solemnly confided to the ancient aunt the task of unearthing the future countess; adding that, himself once supplied as became the head of the family, he should make a point of finding a proper wife for his brother.

The aunt set to work in a methodical manner. She made a tour of inspection through all the convents devoted to the education of noble young ladies. At the convent of the ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Mother Superior recommended as a desirable article in every way, a girl of fifteen, Octavie de Brueilh by name, a pretty Bayonnaise, with immense estates in the Basque country, neither father nor mother, and a guardian who had expressed in strong terms his wish to be relieved from his tutorial

responsibilities. As for Mademoiselle Octavie herself, she was dying for a glimpse of the unknown world beyond the barred convent windows.

Chaperoned by the Mother Superior, and further protected by the intervening grating, the convent-bred young lady had an interview of about ten minutes' duration with the Comte de Montaigu, in the parlour. On his return from this interview, the Comte, who had chosen to see for himself that Mademoiselle Octavie had neither a hump nor a squint, signified to his ancient relative that he was perfectly satisfied, and should immediately proceed to communicate with the guardian. Matters were arranged without loss of time; a new altar-cloth was presented to the convent chapel by Mademoiselle, and a new set of brocade vestments by Monsieur; she kissed the nuns all round, and promised eternal friendship to her schoolfellows; he gave a champagne supper to a host of bachelor friends; and they were married, she being fifteen, he five-and-thirty. The matrimonial yoke had not weighed heavily on either of them. He had gone his way, she had gone hers. Her way, taking it all in all, had been no worse than frivolous. Of his way little need be said. He had had a paralytic stroke some time before our story begins, and was occupied in making his salvation with all possible speed before a second should overtake him. His brother, as well as the ancient aunt, were long since dead, and Raymond was emphatically the sole hope of the family in the direct line.

Raymond, all desirous of making his wife retract certain heretical utterances respecting French poetry, had begun a judicious course of reading with her. They sat together early one morning under the walnut trees, she idly listening, and drinking in the dewy air with a still new sense of freedom, while he read the Gascon poem, "*La Francou-netou*," translating as he went on. And as he read, he glanced at her, and rejoiced ere long to see that her beautiful grey eyes were veiled with a tender

mist, and that a rosy flush had stained the pale marble of her cheek. By and by her mouth began to quiver. Then he stopped; and she, stifling her emotion, said, turning her head that he might not see her wet eyelids—

"That is beautiful. But it does not sound like French, it is so perfectly untrammelled. What must the original Gascon be, if the translation is so charming?"

"I know Gascon pretty well," said Raymond. "I can teach it to you some day, if you like."

"Yes, indeed," said Estelle: "I should like it, if you don't mind the trouble; just for the sake of reading such delicious poetry."

"Delicious poetry!" laughed her husband. "I have soon converted you, my love."

"I have not altered my opinion of Racine one bit, mind," she retorted, blushing. "And after all it is Gascon, not French, this 'Françounetou.'"

"But you liked the translation," said he; "you said you did, and I shall not let you go back from your word."

"Yes, I liked the translation very much indeed. Who is it by?"

"A man I know something of," was his answer. "And now, if you like, dearest, we will explore a little. Let us walk."

In the midst of the wood, half-hidden in a clump of young beeches and acacias, in whose branches the blackbirds were singing lustily, stood a broken column, with its pedestal half sunk in the earth, and bearing inscriptions which damp and decay had rendered almost illegible. Every crack and crevice in the shattered marble was filled up by the delicate, shade-loving maiden-hair, drooping and waving its bright pinnules with each breath of wind. On the ground at its base, embedded in luxuriant mosses and ferns, lay the funeral urn that had originally adorned the summit of the column. The earth all round was overrun with wild flowers and velvety mosses, strewn with tender little pizizas, no bigger than coral beads, so fragile that they crumbled under

Estelle's fingers when she tried to gather them.

"This is the sweetest spot I ever saw!" she cried with enthusiasm.

Raymond, seeing his wife pleased, was pleased too; and, sitting down at the foot of the monument, told her how it had been raised to the memory of the British officers who had fallen on the field of Toulouse. Many details he gave which he had learnt from his father and the old people on the estate, and which, though possessing local interest, were not to be found in French memoirs of that battle.

"This place is dull," he said, at last, seeing that his wife gave a shudder. "Let us leave it. I have always been accustomed to it, but I can understand your not liking it now you know it to be a cemetery."

"It seems to me redolent of death," said Estelle, glad to move away. "Even the acacias do not smell as they do near the house."

"Was that what made you shudder?"

"No. It was a sort of inward shiver, as if somebody had been walking over my grave, as the country folk say in England."

"Do not say such horrible things," said Raymond, "else you will make me shudder too." They walked on, and Estelle began expressing her surprise at the ruinous condition of the monument.

"The fact is," Raymond answered, "that ever since its erection, whenever there has been any political disturbance—and you know there has been a good deal one way and another since your brave *Vélingtonne* passed here—the mob have made a practice of coming out here and battering the monument. I cannot quite tell why they should take such a long walk when there is so much in the town itself that they might break to pieces. They do so probably in obedience to some occult law with which we are as yet unacquainted. If you wish, I will have the stone repaired. I dare say we shall not have a revolution these ten years, whatever the Reds may say about it."

"No," Estelle answered; "I would not do away with the maiden-hair and the moss, which have so tenderly covered up the rents and crevices all these years."

"This evening," said Raymond, as they sat together on the sofa after luncheon, "we will have a ride together. I have got you a beautiful little Arab that will just suit you."

"How kind you are!" said Estelle. "I was wishing for an Arab the other day."

"Now you have got it, begin to wish for something else."

"I will wait till to-morrow," said she, "I don't quite know what I wish for just at present.—Raymond," she said shyly, after they had sat silent for some time, "did you like the way the table was arranged at luncheon?"

"I thought it a great improvement," said he, "and so was the luncheon itself. Our cook is on his mettle to-day, evidently."

"It was I who ordered everything," cried Estelle, delighted. "Everything, the arrangement of the table included. I am so glad you liked it."

Raymond looked surprised and pleased. "I believe you can do everything," he said. "Not a day passes but I discover some new accomplishment of which I had no idea. My mother will take you to her inmost heart when she finds out what a capital housewife you are. She is a clever housewife herself, and piques herself on her talents in that line; as for book-learning, I may as well tell you at once as leave you to find out, that if you said that Homer lived in the time of Charlemagne, or that the tower of Babel was built in the time of the Romans, she would believe you; and if I said it was just the contrary, she would think that probably I was in the right, but that after all it did not much matter. You must never let her see you with a book if you can help it; the only two books she looks into herself are the Book of Hours and the fashion-book. She has never found out the want of any more; and if she has got through the world so well with

those two, why should any woman want more? Such is her creed. She is never so angry with me as when she finds out that I have been buying books."

"I wonder what she will say by and by, when she sees the quantity we have in our drawing-room."

"She will want you to put them all away, and if you don't she will treasure up your refusal in her mind, and go on adding one small offence and another to it, till she considers the list long enough to justify a quarrel."

"Oh, Raymond! You don't quite mean that."

"Indeed I do. You don't know what awful quarrels we have had sometimes because I would not do exactly as she wished. Then she never would let me alone. It seemed as if I were my own master, and certainly I had my own servant and set of rooms, and could go in and out as I chose, and I need not even dine with my parents unless I liked. But there my freedom ended. I do believe, Estelle, that if she had taken it into her head that I ought to button my coat behind instead of before, she would never have left off worrying me till I had done it. She was sulky with me for days because I would have the rooms furnished as you see them. But in that matter I held firm, because I did think it time for her despotism to stop somewhere. Of course, now I am married, I shall take my own way. It is to be hoped that she too will feel that she has less right to interfere now that I have a wife."

"Then you would not have the books removed?"

"Certainly not. If she says anything, you must say I will not have them put away."

"But if she gets angry?"

"Then she must. I shall know how to manage her.—Who can this be?" he exclaimed, hearing the sound of a carriage coming up the avenue. He went to the window, and returned with annoyance depicted on his countenance. "Talk of the wolf," he said, "and one sees his tail. Estelle, it is my mother."

"But I thought it was settled that

we were to have a fortnight to ourselves?"

"Of course it was. And I shall ask her what has made her break her promise."

"But perhaps she wanted to give some orders about her own rooms. Perhaps she will be gone again in half an hour," said Estelle.

Raymond looked out again. "No such luck," he said. "My father's valet is sitting on the box; *ergo*, my father is inside. It is too late."

Madame's voice was soon heard in the court. She was finding fault with somebody, it was clear.

"Finished luncheon! I never heard of such a thing in my life. I should like to know what makes them so early. It is extremely annoying and inconvenient. Baptiste, give Monsieur your arm. Oh, what an ascent! Thank Heaven I don't live upstairs."

"I do indeed thank Heaven," said Raymond, turning up his eyes to the ceiling.

Estelle began to laugh, in spite of feeling some nervousness at the impending visit.

"You may laugh," said Raymond, "but it is no laughing matter. People have no business to break their promises."

"Had I not better go forward and meet her?" said Estelle, moving to the door.

"Certainly not!" For the first time she detected displeasure in her husband's tone. "I beg you won't move an inch. I am not glad to see her, and I have no intention of getting up even a show of welcome."

"Good morning, children!" said Madame, as she entered. "How do, little one?" This was addressed to her daughter-in-law, as she just touched her cheek. "You did not expect me, I suppose," was the next thing she said, as she threw herself on the sofa and unfastened her bonnet-strings.

"We certainly did not expect you," Raymond answered.

"The fact is, it was getting so hot in Toulouse that I could not stay there a

moment longer. I thought we should be here in time for luncheon, and so we should, only you are so ridiculously early. What made you change our usual hour, eh?"

"Perhaps we wanted luncheon early because we breakfasted early."

"But what on earth induced you to breakfast early?"

"Because we got up early, I suppose."

"But what on earth made you get up?"

"Because there happened to be something worth getting up for."

"Will you come into my room and lay aside your bonnet and shawl?" Estelle asked at this juncture.

"No," the Comtesse replied, "I would as soon stay where I am. I suppose they will give us something to eat presently. I gave orders about it before I came upstairs. You are looking rather pretty, I think. Have you and Raymond quarrelled yet?"

"Quarrelled!" Estelle drew herself up indignantly.

"Just look at her!" cried Madame de Montaigu to her husband, who had nodded all round on entering the room, and had dropped into an arm-chair without a word. "Just note that air of offended majesty! You would manage that pretty well if you were my height, but as you are not, I wouldn't try it if I were you. Well, well, so there has been no quarrelling yet. You will come to it soon enough, never fear."

"I trust I shall never so far forget myself," said Estelle.

"I won't begin," said Raymond, drawing his wife close to him.

"Montaigu," cried the Comtesse, "don't go to sleep. You will have your luncheon presently, and you shall sleep by and by. Raymond, give your father a push. It is very bad for him to sleep so much."

"I wish you would let me alone," said the old gentleman peevishly. "The heat is very oppressive, and I have not a pinch of snuff left."

"Where did you get that morning-gown?" was Madame's next inquiry.

"Mamma had it from Paris. Raymond thinks it pretty."

"Raymond knows nothing about it. I don't like the cut of it at all; I hope you have no more of that pattern."

"Indeed, I have. Mamma had a great fancy for the pattern. It came from the best house in Paris."

"I don't believe it did. You were imposed on, I daresay. You must have them altered. I will lend you a pattern from my Paris dressmaker's."

"I won't have them altered," "I like them as they are," said Estelle and Raymond together.

Further discussion was cut short by the entrance of a servant to say that Madame was served.

"What did I tell you?" said Raymond, as his parents left the room. "Is she not awful?"

"What shall we do if she intends always going on like this?" Estelle asked with a sinking heart.

"I would not mind it so much if she would only let you alone," said Raymond, angrily. "I wish we were a hundred miles away from her. I'll tell you what we will do. We will have the pony-carriage, and drive out as far as the beech-wood. You can take your drawing-book, there are plenty of nice old trees to study, and I will translate some more of Jasmin's poetry for you."

But before they could put their project into execution, a message came that Madame wanted Monsieur Raymond immediately.

While waiting for him to come back, Estelle took up the book of Jasmin's poetry, and tried to read it, but, finding the Gascon verbs puzzling, she laid it down, and went into the book-room to look for a translation which Raymond had said he possessed. She found the book, read a few pages, and then turned to the title-page to learn the translator's name. Suddenly a bright smile broke over her face. The name was "Raymond de Montaignu."

"I like his poetry better than Racine's, whatever he may say about it," she thought; "but this is only a translation, after all. I wonder whether he has

ever printed any original poems." She began to search through the shelves, and by and by came upon a small volume in a modest brown cover, which, though only bearing initials, convinced her of Raymond being the author, from the notes and emendations in his handwriting. Straightway she plunged into it, and so absorbed and delighted was she at the evidence of real talent in it, that a knock at the door had to be repeated before she cried "Come in."

Lisette entered, with a contrite face.

"I hope Madame will pardon me," she began.

"What is the matter, Lisette? You haven't been breaking my scent-bottles, I hope?"

"Not so bad as that, Madame. But I hope Madame will pardon me, considering how it occurred. I am desolated about it."

"I don't know what it is yet," said her mistress, good-humouredly.

The fact was, Lisette began volubly, that she had lost her head; and goodness knew it was enough to make any one distracted, what with the packing, and Mathurine's eternal fault-finding, like the clack of a mill. And it was on the night before the wedding, when she had so much to do she didn't know what to be at first. And she was just going to bring Madame—Mademoiselle—the letter—and all the bonnets came at the same moment, and she stopped to pack them, and get them out of the way, and *voilà!* the letter was forgotten, and had lain in her apron-pocket ever since.

"Letter! what letter?" asked her mistress, flushing anxiously.

"I entreat Madame to overlook the negligence," said Lisette, getting ready to cry. "I beg Madame to believe it was accidental. I put the letter in my apron-pocket, really, to keep it safe; there was such a litter of things about; so much being sent in at the last moment, just like those tradespeople. And the letter would have been forgotten till next year, if Madame la Comtesse's maid had not desired me to get my things ready, as Madame purposed having the half-yearly wash and the bleaching in

a day or two. *Voilà!*" And she put a crumpled letter into Madame Raymond's hand.

Estelle started, and turned pale.

"Madame is not angry? Ah, if Madame only knew what I went through in packing her boxes, with that tiresome old Mathurine always at my heels!"

"You could not help it," said Estelle quietly. "That will do, Lisette. You can go."

"Madame is not angry?" asked Lisette doubtfully, lingering in the doorway.

"No. I see you could not help it. Go."

And Lisette departed, murmuring that Madame was very good.

Estelle sat perfectly still, with her hand to her head, staring at the crumpled letter with a look of painful bewilderment, which by and by shaped itself thus in words:

"I made sure he would be too proud to write again after he had been rejected with scorn, as I know he was. I should have been, I think. But I should have known him better than to judge him so. Did he not say he would love me all his life? Oh, my God, I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead!" And then she began to moan and sob, but softly, lest her husband should come in.

"I ought to burn this without reading it," she thought; "but I must know what he says. He has a right to be heard. My own Louis, whom I did love so dearly!"

The letter ran thus:—

"Estelle, I cannot believe that this rejection of me, conveyed through your mother, is of your own free-will. Until I hear from you to the contrary, I shall consider your answer as the result of mere coercion, or, to use a less harsh term, as the consequence of a weak coincidence in your mother's wishes. Since I saw you last at Canterets, I have worked harder than ever I did in my life—I have strained every nerve, buoyed up by the hope of calling you mine one day. That day may be distant, but I do see it now. I should not dare say

so much, did I not feel so convinced that your love for me, like mine for you, is of a nature not to be worn out by long waiting. If I must be rejected, Estelle, let my doom fall on me from your hands alone. I shall bear it best from you. But if, indeed, you love me still, for God's sake let no mother come between us two. Consider yourself and me for a little space, and forget that there are other people in the world. I know your sweet submissiveness, your entire self-forgetfulness; but my love, if you are my love, I crave to be remembered. I say again, let no other come between us two.

"Think once, if you have forgotten—I have not—of those pleasant hours we spent on the mountain side. Must I recall them to you? Every stone, every rock, every tint in the mountain gorge, is before me now. I can see you, as you sat, watching the last sunset we looked on together. The sun went down behind the mountain in front of us, and the red gleam on the snow died away. The evening breeze sprang up, and blew your hair about, and I lay on the rock overhanging the tumbling Gave, and thought you looked like a Madonna: and fell down and worshipped you in my heart. Have you forgotten that evening? Have you forgotten what we said to each other amid the rush of the noisy waters?"

"Write to me with your own hand, Estelle. Write what your own heart tells you.

"My love! my beautiful one! my star! I have perfect faith in you. Adieu."

* * * *

When Raymond came back, half an hour later, he found his wife lying on the floor unconscious. He took her up, and carried her to her room, and then rang for her maid, and applied eau-de-cologne till she came. He was not much frightened. His mother was in the habit of having nervous attacks and fainting fits, particularly when she had been thwarted in her plans. But Madame was generally restored in a few minutes, and Lisette exhausted all her

simple remedies, and still Estelle gave no sign.

Then he became alarmed, and desired Lisette to tell one of the men to ride into town for a doctor. Lisette went, looking very frightened, and an instant after, Madame la Comtesse appeared, to give the benefit of her experience.

"It is nothing at all; just a fainting-fit," she said, raising the girl's eyelid with her finger.

"What are you about? Do pray leave her alone," exclaimed her son, disgusted at her coolness.

"That's how one sees when they are in a dead faint," said Madame, knowingly. And then she went on to make sage remarks on the imprudence of getting up early, and lacing tight in the morning, and sitting in rooms filled with the perfume of acacias and roses. Lisette came back just then, and was ordered forthwith to shut the windows.

"She is all right now," said Madame by and by, when Estelle opened her eyes and looked round her. "I told you it was a simple fainting-fit. Now, Raymond, it is no good to talk to her, you will send her off again. It is all stuff and nonsense having a doctor. I shall give her a glass of liqueur, and in half an hour she will be as well as ever she was in her life." And Madame trotted off, and left the husband and wife alone.

"Art thou better, indeed, *ma mignonne*, my darling?" he asked, in a voice that fell on her ear tender as summer rain after her mother-in-law's sharp accents.

She moved her head in reply. She could not trust herself to speak yet; partly because she was so sorry for him,—for all his love, thrown away on her. It seemed such a dreadful pity. So, little of real, strong love as there was in this world, and to throw it away! Had she never seen Louis, she would have made this love the crowning joy of her life: she would have basked willingly in its hot sunshine all her days. Her instinct told her that it was a love that would never grow cold as long as the impetuous husband-heart beat. And

now, what might have been her glory and her shelter, was nothing but a terror and an oppression. If she only might be let alone, and dare think of Louis! Madame de Montaignu might have made another irruption into her daughter-in-law's room, and treated the young married people to more sage remarks, had not a hindrance occurred in the shape of a visit from the new curé. So she contented herself with sending up the liqueur-stand with directions that Madame Raymond was to drink of a certain liqueur; and retired with the new curé to her own private room, proposing to enlighten him as to the method he was to take for performing the important work assigned him in coming to the parish.

Raymond, glad of any chance that kept Madame downstairs, obeyed her directions as to the liqueur, and supported his wife with his strong arm while she drank it, wondering what should make her shiver and tremble so. She, all the while, was longing to be alone; longing to turn her face to the wall, and weep silently for the love she dared not cherish: the love that would never die—that would stand knocking at the door of her heart of hearts all her life long, crying to be let in.

She knew that Louis Vivian's letter must have dropped from her hand while Raymond was laying her on her bed, for she could see it nowhere. It must be found and destroyed. The fear of her husband's picking it up brought back her strength. More than ever did she long to be alone. And yet there seemed no hope of his going, and she dared not vex him by bidding him go. How should she escape from the clasp of that strong arm, which seemed as if it would never be tired of holding her?

"The window has been shut," she said. "Will you open it, please, Raymond?"

And then, as soon as his back was turned, she slipped down and stood on the floor, peering round stealthily for the letter, which might be under a chair or table. Raymond stooped as he turned, and picked up something.

"Is it right for you to get up?" said he, seeing she had risen. She looked at him as he spoke, and her eyes dilated with fear. He had found the letter. Madame's trailing skirts had swept it over to the window. What would he do with it? she thought. Would he read it? She had an idea that husbands had a right—or believed they had—to read their wives' letters.

"Is this yours?" he asked, smoothing the paper, and holding it out to her.

She longed to clutch it from him.

"Yes," she said, making herself speak quietly; "it is an English letter I had this morning—just now. Do you wish to read it?"

The last words flashed out defiantly. She thought he looked as if he wished—as if he were going to read it. She stood leaning on a chair. A strange mingling of hope with the fear came and took her breath away. She wished he would read, now; read, and then rage and storm at her, hate her, and cast her from him, and go his way.

Yes, and then she would live in some other corner of the château; in the out-of-the-way rooms above the chapel, looking northward to the beechwoods perhaps; and these hateful, splendid, bridal rooms might be his to inhabit when and how he chose. And when they met by chance, they would be "Madame" and "Monsieur" for each other; there would be a bow from him, a curtsy from her, and that would be all.

And then she might think of her dear love, and sin no sin against God or Raymond.

"Do you wish to read it?" she cried.

"Nay," said he; "to do that I must first take lessons in hieroglyphics. What a crabbed hand you English have, to be sure."

It was not like Monsieur Raymond's caligraphy, certainly. His was a fine, clear, wire-drawn hand, which all who ran might read. And he was well satisfied with it, as he was with most things belonging to himself.

"And besides," he continued, "I hardly think your fair correspondent wrote with a view to *my* perusing her letter. For, as I see, the address is to 'Miss Russell,' not Madame Raymond de Montaigne."

And with that he placed it on the table, where Estelle was forced to let it lie until she should be alone.

And there seemed but little chance of that. First, a message came that the new curé wished to pay his respects to M. Raymond. And no sooner had Raymond seen her comfortably on the sofa with eau de cologne at hand, and left her with a promise of quick return, than another message came that Madame la Comtesse would like Madame Raymond to come down if she were well enough, just to be introduced to the curé, who was going immediately. And while she was smoothing her hair, up came Lisette with a counter-message from her husband to beg her not to think of troubling herself, as the curé could come another day.

She did manage to burn Louis Vivian's letter, but as for being alone!—

Madame's arrival at the château was the signal for everybody to call. Day after day the noise of carriage-wheels up and down the avenue was heard from morning till night. For besides callers, there were Madame's dinner-guests; and Madame, knowing that her fame rested on her dinners, had issued invitations for a whole series of them the day after her son's marriage. And then there were balls, and *al fresco* entertainments, and private theatricals; and Estelle, instead of sitting in her silken boudoir, moaning for her English love, had long comedy parts to get by heart, besides rehearsals, and trying on costumes, and hearing Raymond his parts, from morning till night.

No, she would never be alone any more, till they laid her to sleep under the quiet, kindly earth. She got to understand that, little by little, as the days went on.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH MRS. RUSSELL FINDS OUT
THAT SHE HAS MADE A MISTAKE.

MRS. RUSSELL, having taken considerable pains to leave her Toulouse friends under the impression that her immediate presence was required in England on family business, travelled to Paris with all speed, and there took up her abode at Meurice's with Julia, Alfred, and that pearl of lady's-maids, Mathurine. Although Mrs. Russell assigned no reason for her delay, Mathurine, with the help of her Languedoc mother-wit, could have told her in two words. It was but natural that Julia should guess the reason of this halt. Mrs. Russell was no doubt determined to prevent all chance of her meeting Harry, and was waiting till his ship should have sailed. This was, in fact, precisely the plan which Mrs. Russell had fixed on before leaving Toulouse. She would prevent Julia's seeing her son, or even communicating with him. She watched her all day, and would have watched her all night as well, had it been possible. But Julia managed to circumvent her chaperone's sagacity. She wrote to Harry, watching in her turn till the silence in the adjacent room assured her of Mrs. Russell being asleep. She rose long before that lady awoke, and had her letter safely posted by one of the hotel waiters. But, wily as she was, Mrs. Russell was a match for her. The day her letter went there was a certain tone of self-satisfaction about her which her chaperone thought suspicious, as till then she had been in a measure subdued, owing to the recollection of the ill-luck of her Toulouse escapade. "She has been writing to Harry," Mrs. Russell concluded, and calculating how long before an answer might be expected, gave orders to Mathurine and to the person who had charge of the letters addressed to Meurice's to bring any to her which might be addressed to the young lady who was travelling under her protection. She gave it to be under-

stood that the young lady was ill sometimes,—too ill to look at her own letters. Excitable, it must be understood, she said, tapping her forehead with an air of commiseration, and actually trembling at her boldness in telling such an awful falsehood. She, however, felt glad when it was told. After all, it was for Harry's sake, and she did not doubt that the recording angel would write on the margin of the page, "necessary;" if, indeed, the thing were recorded at all.

So, the waiter's memory being refreshed with a napoleon, Mrs. Russell's letters were always brought to her directly the post came, instead of being left downstairs till sent for. In a few days, one appeared amongst them addressed to Miss Maurice, and bearing the Portsmouth postmark. Thankful, indeed, did Mrs. Russell feel that the post had come so early, for she herself was in bed, and there was as yet no stir in either Alfred's or Julia's room. Most thankful did she feel that she had had courage to say what she did about the letters and about Julia.

"Do you see this?" she asked, holding the letter between her finger and thumb as if it contained the plague. "Bring me a lighted candle." Mathurine looked on with a queer smile as Mrs. Russell held the letter to the flame. She thought she saw. Yes. That was a letter Madame saw fit to burn. Madame, doubtless, had her reasons.

"That letter," said Mrs. Russell, as she watched it burn, "is from my son to Miss Maurice. She has been writing to him, Mathurine, else he could not know of our being here, nor even guess it, for I have always stopped at the Hôtel Bristol before. She has been writing to him, you see; and I treat the answer—thus."

"And Madame is right, *pardie!*" said Mathurine, with a mixed feeling of disgust at Mam'selle Julie's depravity and of admiration at the energetic measures taken by Mrs. Russell.

"If there is occasion, Mathurine, I shall do the same thing again," her mistress said. "That woman shall not be my son's wife!" As the woman

in question was in the adjoining room, this conversation was carried on in sibilant whispers.

"Yes, Mathurine, I will do it again," she said, when the maid was bringing her her morning coffee. "And I don't care if she knows it!"

And again Mathurine declared that Madame was right; adding, moreover, that she knew even better than Madame what a dreadful young woman that was. She had held her tongue, not wishing to disturb Madame; but now that Mademoiselle Estelle, dear young lady, was happily established, and Madame relieved from her anxieties on that head, Madame should know everything. She might have added that she had no more money to expect for her silence, but did not.

So the whole story of the balcony scenes came out with vehement whispers and much gesticulation, though the very cap she wore had been bought with the last napoleon Harry had given her as hush-money.

Mrs. Russell listened till she felt stiff with horror. This was a thousandfold worse than the elopement. This could never be explained away, but once known would blast her reputation of being a wise, prudent matron, for ever and ever. Even in England, what would be said of the mistress of a house where the son could venture on midnight assignations with a lady-guest? She longed to scold Mathurine for knowing of such things and not instantly acquainting her. But she stopped herself. She did not dare scold Mathurine. She would never dare scold her now for anything. Mathurine had but to give warning in a huff at being found fault with, and back she would go to Toulouse with the horrible tale; and so prevent her, Mrs. Russell, proud, unimpeachably correct as she had been all her life, from ever showing her face there again. As she thought of all this, she positively loathed Julia Maurice.

Julia, on her side, returned the loathing with interest. Had she been in Paris with any one else she would have en-

joyed herself; but she could never look at Mrs. Russell without being reminded of that humiliating checkmate at Auch. Over and over did she chafe at Mrs. Russell's strict chaperonage, and declare to herself that life would be a burden till she had escaped from that horrible old woman's hands.

Her miseries were not lessened by the company of the spoilt child Alfred. Alfred knew she was in disgrace with his mother, and presumed upon his knowledge to torment her.

"I say," he began one day, when Mrs. Russell had left the room, "do you know mamma found it very fatiguing, running after you? I heard her tell Mathurine you weren't worth the trouble of bringing back when she had got you."

"Hold your tongue!" exclaimed Julia, raising her hand to box Alfred's ears. Alfred ducked, and the young lady's hand descended with force on the table.

"I hope it stings!" said the young monkey, performing a sailor's hornpipe in front of her.

"You little wretch!" she cried, smarting with pain.

"It is you who are the wretch, miss, not I," said Alfred; "for I heard mamma tell Mathurine that you were an ill-conducted young woman, and you deserved to be whipped, and that——"

But before he could proceed further, Julia had caught hold of him and given him a shake that sent all the breath out of his little body.

"I say!" gasped the young informant, "just let me go, will you?"

"Not yet!" and she held him tight with one hand while she boxed his ears soundly with the other.

"There!" she said, throwing him off after a finishing shake, "you imp of mischief, say that again, and your ears shall have just such another boxing."

"I'll tell my mamma, just see if I don't," whimpered Alfred from the floor.

"If you do," said Julia, setting her teeth, "I'll throw you into the sea when we are going across in the steamer."

And she looked so thoroughly in

earnest, that the boy stifled his crying, and did not tell his mother.

But the day of deliverance dawned at last. One morning at breakfast, Mrs. Russell, who made the *Times* her daily study, read that H.M.S. *Hero*, Captain R. Bolitho, had been spoken with off the Lizard, on her way to her destination; having been detained in the Channel for nearly three weeks by contrary winds.

And then she smiled curiously behind the newspaper, and told Alfred to ring the bell.

"I wish to have my bill brought," she said to the waiter who attended. "And be so good as to bring the time-table of the tidal trains."

She carried off the sheet which contained the naval and military intelligence to her own room. She did not choose "that young woman" to learn anything of her son's movements, even from the columns of a newspaper, if she could help it.

But there was still another sheet, and that Julia took and pored over till her hostess came back.

"Horrid old thing!" she thought to herself, "I dare say there is something about Harry's ship in that piece she has taken away. I knew she wouldn't take me across till the coast was clear. Not that I care, not I; only that I'd give my ears to spite her." And to show that she did not care, she began to talk about the news. It was such a pleasure—was it not?—to get the *Times* when it was not twenty-four hours old instead of three days or more, as it was when they got it at Toulouse.

"There is a bit of news from Devonshire too," she said; "just from my own part of the country."

"And what is that?" asked Mrs. Russell, with perfect courtesy.

"By the lamented demise," Julia read, "of the High Sheriff for the county of Devon, Sir George Vivian, of Vivian Court, Bart., the title and estates fall to the inheritance of Louis

Vivian, Esq., of the Inner Temple, son of the late Louis Harrington Vivian, Esq.; the late baronet's two sons having died previously to their father. The present baronet took high honours during his academical career at Oxford, and possesses a fast-rising reputation in literary circles."

Julia had spited Mrs. Russell to some purpose at last. She did not know it, but she had dealt a homethrust, and Mrs. Russell bled inwardly; though she still preserved a calm exterior, and only said, "Dear me! So sorry to hear that. I knew poor dear Sir George so well. Vivian Court goes to the heir, of course. I wonder where dear Lady Caroline will live? I must try to go and see her when I have placed Alfred at school. And now, my dear, will you put on your bonnet? I am going to the Place Vendôme to get some gloves. Mathurine will do your packing, you know." And they walked out, these two, and bought gloves, and ate ices; and Mrs. Russell gave the detested Julia a lovely parasol that cost thirty francs, and chatted gaily all the way there and back, with that horrid piece of news weighing down her heart.

Yes, it was property worth a clear thirty thousand a year, besides those mining places in Cornwall that brought in such profits every two or three years.

And she had prevented her daughter from marrying all this!

Julia would have danced with joy had she guessed how completely Mrs. Russell had been, in her turn, checkmated.

It was very unfortunate. Just those numbers of the *Times*, a perusal of which might have completely altered her plans with regard to establishing her daughter, had contained leaders obnoxious to the French Government, and had been, one and all, confiscated by an order from the Tuileries; the copies addressed to the Hôtel St.-Jean sharing of course the fate of all the rest.

To be continued.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.¹

BY J. COTTER MORISON.

It is a sad reflection, forced upon us by evidence too strong to be resisted, that the very progress of civilization is frequently purchased at the cost of evils only a trifle less grave than those which it removes. The most wholesome distrust in rose-coloured views of the olden time cannot protect us from occasionally being rudely reminded that we are still a good way from the Golden Age, and that in this or that particular point our "benighted ancestors" had clearly the advantage of us. In some lines of advancement modern science and co-operation have achieved such bewildering marvels, that sobering reflections of this sort are necessary to keep the slightly over-confident spirit of the present age in a modest frame of mind. Our triumphs are unquestionably immense. But we need to be reminded that our defeats and losses tend to be on a commensurate scale. In numberless trades and occupations, all having for their object the good of society at large, the lives, health, and happiness of the human beings who follow them are one steady, continued sacrifice for the benefit of others. And setting aside such essentially injurious trades, all the social body, it is beginning to be perceived, is paying a very considerable price for the mere convenience and rapidity of locomotion alone which it now enjoys, which is beyond question one of the greatest achievements of modern times. To this, in a very high degree, is owing that want of calmness and leisure, that high-pressure speed which makes life in the great centres of modern civilization more exhausting than old-fashioned campaigning. In former days, people who had to go long distances either walked or rode on horse-back, and, even if they availed them-

selves of the new-fangled luxuries of the coach or the wagon, the whole proceeding was so slow and deliberate, that it resembled rather a pic-nic than a journey, while the alternative was plenty of vigorous exercise and abundance of fresh air. Travelling now is not exercise, but a process—convenient, and, with our modern requirements, indispensable no doubt—but as far as possible removed from exercise, and not necessarily connected with a mouthful of fresh air. Business or caprice causes us to resolve that this afternoon or tomorrow morning we will go 100, 200, 300 miles from our present position. No sooner thought than done. We are carried to the railway station, and then, after going through certain formalities, a process is commenced which rarely fails to deliver us at the spot we wished to appear at in the allotted time. Our energies have not been called forth, except, perhaps, for one brief momentary spasm of hurry, if we happened to be late at the ticket office. Not a muscle has been used and strengthened, not one deep draught of oxygen has been inhaled; we have had a nightmare vision of fields, trees, and earth-cuttings, broken occasionally by the sulphurous twilight of the tunnels, and having for a period wearied and blunted our eyes with attempting to read a book or a paper, we await with cold feet or dust-begrimed skins, according to the season, the moment of deliverance. No one will suppose us ill-advised enough to be querulous over this; but the point which we wish to emphasize is that modern times, by the mere progress of discovery in locomotion, have lost one of the chief sources of health and strength. All animals get their sufficient exercise by the necessity they are under of moving about in search of food, and domestic animals are less vigorous and healthy than their

¹ "A System of Physical Education, Theoretical and Practical." By Archibald MacLaren. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

wild congeners, simply because this exercise is curtailed by the services they receive from man. But, further, men are not only under the necessity of exercising their bodies much less, but by the conditions of modern life they are under the necessity of exercising their minds a great deal more, than ever they did before. The battle of life has now to be fought with brains, and with brains too often lodged in flaccid and feeble bodies. No doubt there have been at all times persons who worked their minds and nerves too much and their muscles too little. But by the nature of the case they were the exceptions, not the rule. The misfortune of our day is that what was the exception is becoming the rule. In proportion as people "get on," as it is called, in any walk or profession, are they, for the most part, introduced to a sedentary nerve-exhausting form of life, a form of life from which every conception of old-fashioned hardships or privations has been triumphantly excluded by modern science; but which now shows itself none the less dreadful and destructive. How to combat these destructive influences has long engaged the attention of thoughtful men, who have resolved the problem as to how artificial evils could best be met by artificial remedies. The science of Physical Education professes, in a great measure, to supply the remedy required.

It is to be regretted that on this point many are by no means duly informed, and that a considerable mass of prejudice still reigns on the subject. People still exist who hold decided and hostile views to physical training pursued on a system. We do not allude to the feeble folk of former days, who considered delicacy genteel and poetical, and strength of body a coarse endowment — "the pale, melancholy, and interesting school," who spoke by preference of a poet's "pale and fevered brow," and thought that if pretty women had good appetites, they at least should not indulge them before company. A well-known reaction was led against these persons some years ago, and they are comparatively

rare and unimportant now. The late Nathaniel Hawthorne, indeed, found English girls so like their brothers that he had a difficulty in telling which was which. But, even if there were not just a little exaggeration in this, most people would prefer the state of vigour it indicates to the very opposite state which all travellers report from the other side of the Atlantic. The persons we have in view are by no means sentimentalists or valetudinarians, but often very robust healthy people, who, having done without any particular attention to physical training themselves, rather inconsiderately condemn attention to it on the part of others. They have a rooted idea that all the reported good results of physical training are "mere theory," and will compliment you on your *faith*, if you maintain that at any rate they are stubborn facts. They like exercise, and will take it themselves, provided it is of a *natural* kind. Field sports, cricket, and the like are unobjectionable. There is nothing new-fangled and theoretical about them; what they do with their whole hearts object to is the silly illusion that wrenching the arms out of the sockets by means of pulleys and ropes (and in this it is well understood the essence of gymnastics consists) can possibly do anybody any good, least of all any weak or young person any good. Was it ever contended, it is asked, that the children of respectable parents should swing by the arms and turn upside down like monkeys or acrobats? In a word, they have not patience with such nonsense.

However, all this is nothing more than might have been expected. The changed conditions of modern life demand a change of domestic habits and education, and it is no wonder if the latter change lags considerably behind the former. Moreover, no friend to physical education can have a moment's doubt concerning its ultimate, or rather its speedy, triumph. The "mere theories" have already become so widely realized in concrete facts, and healthy vigorous bodies, to be met in all localities, preaching more eloquently than any words what physical education has done

for them, and what it does every day of their lives, that it is impossible to feel otherwise than good-humoured with objectors. The healthy mind in a healthy body is not easily ruffled even by unintelligent opposition.

It will be no news to the readers of this Magazine to tell them that to Mr. Maclaren, of Oxford, more than to any man living, is the cause of Physical Education indebted for the rapid strides it has of late effected in this country. His magnificent gymnasium at the University, and the marvellous results there produced, constitute only a small portion of the work he has been for many years accomplishing. The British army is now trained on his principles, and in gymnasia invented by him. His last effort is worthy to be placed on a level with any of his former achievements. It is only a little book; but it contains the refined wisdom and experience of a quarter of a century: it throws open to all the world the knowledge obtained in endless studies, experiments, and meditations.

Mr. Maclaren's book consists of 516 well-packed pages, in which every rational and salutary exercise which boy or man can wish to perform is illustrated and described with a fulness and clearness which render incomprehension, so to speak, impossible. The work is a complete manual of the art and science of physical exercise. Every step in the early progress, from the simple use of light dumb-bells up to the highest feats on the trapezium, the vaulting horse, and the parallel bars, is taken separately, and studied and explained with undivided attention. In the 3d and 4th sections, by an ingenious employment of parallel columns, exercises are divided into simple, medium, advanced, and arduous, all performable upon the same apparatus. The practical and vivid conception which the author has taken of his whole subject is strikingly shown in the few pages headed the "Rules for conducting the Lesson" and "Regulations for the Gymnasium." Every exercise is illustrated by one, two, or even three woodcuts, clearly giving the

critical steps in each. Eulogy of this part of the book is quite unnecessary.

It is difficult to make a selection that would give a fair specimen of the *practical* portion of the book, i.e. that would at the same time show the purpose and scope of the actual Exercises, and the accuracy and spirit with which the text of the author has been illustrated by artist and engraver. The machine called the "Row of Rings" seems to present the nearest approach to this.

"The single exercise on this machine is a very simple one, and, if the proper elevation of the rings be preserved, it may be safely practised without supervision, or at most with that of a monitor. It is not the less valuable on this account, but, on the contrary, it has a special object which it shares with the exercises of the next machine, viz. the equalization in strength and development of the two sides of the upper half of the body, and of the arms; for it necessitates that only one side can work at a time, and that the amount of exertion will be the same for each side, and that therefore the weaker side will actually do more, being the weaker, and consequently by the unerring law of development being in relation to activity, it will in time overtake and rank with its fellow in development and capacity."

It is, however, to another portion that we would direct attention, and employ the little space left to us, viz. the introductory chapter in Part I. on "Growth and Development."

It is for this part of his book that Mr. Maclaren deserves the especial thanks of all who care for the progress of physical education. It is a reasoned and scientific plea for gymnastics, using the word in the widest sense. As it consists of a hundred pages, and is a model of condensation, only a very meagre outline of its contents can be expected here. But the chief points on which the argument rests may perhaps be faithfully exhibited.

Mr. Maclaren begins very appositely by showing, that while exercise is cer-

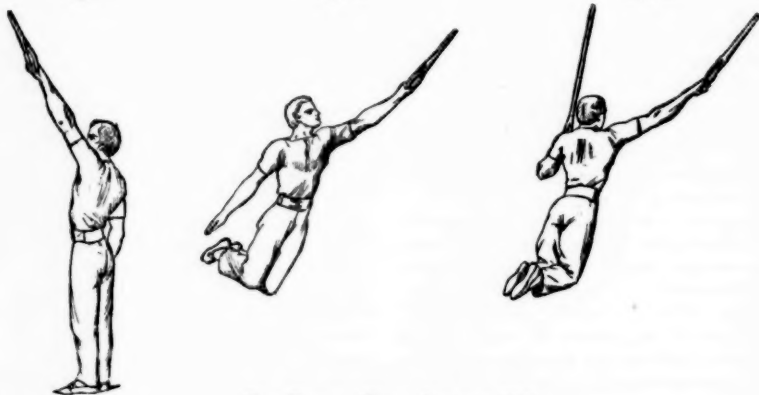
tainly not more important than food, clothing, and fresh air, it is *as* important, while it is capable of being overlooked and neglected in a way which none of the other sources of life and health at all admit of. A man who goes without his dinner is soon made aware that there is something amiss; an insufficiency of clothing, again, soon makes itself felt: intentional faults in these particulars are not often committed; but an insufficiency

of exercise, although "the punishment" is as severe, is not always as clearly "traceable to the transgression. Error" here, in a great majority of cases, may "arise from actual want of knowledge. . . . A vague feeling may be entertained that exercise is a thing to be "taken; but to what extent, at what "time, or in what manner, are points "on which few really consider it necessary to possess any adequate information. The regular urgent re-

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.



THE ROW OF RINGS (see page 513).

"Single Series.—Single Exercise.—Course II.

"Position of Attention, facing the first ring, the back to the row.

"1. Raise the left hand and grasp the ring (Fig. 1), advance with short and rapid steps, and, springing from the ground at the end of the run, from the left foot, turn quickly to the right, bending the lower limbs at the knees, and pointing the toes to the rear, the head erect, the breast advanced (Fig. 2); on approaching the second ring, extend the right hand and grasp it, and, while retaining it lightly in the hand, return to the farthest point of the backward oscillation on the ring grasped by the left (Fig. 3); at this point quit the grasp of the left, withdrawing the hand lightly and leaving the ring motionless, turn to the right and bring the left hand in a full sweep round by the thigh, the arm quite straight and fingers pointed downwards, describing a half-circle in the sweep, extend it to the front, and grasp the next ring. Repeat. On grasping the last ring turn quickly round, facing the row, and descend yielding."

"minders which follow on the neglect "of the other agents are missing here, "or if they do occur it is only as they "affect some one of them. For want "of exercise, appetite fails; for want of "exercise, comfortable bodily warmth "is not sustained; for want of exercise, "refreshing sleep is not obtained: "but these, reminders though they be, "come indirectly, and as it were incidentally only." This point, that exercise is the great instrument of physical

culture, is frequently dwelt upon, but not more than its importance deserves. All the tonics, beef-tea, and good food in the world will not add a half-inch to the narrow chest of a sickly boy. All the "airing" he may get from morning to night in southern climes will not infuse stamina and real improvement into him, unless intentionally or otherwise exercise happens to be combined with them. No marvels are pretended to. The weakly offspring of

unhealthy parents will never, under any training, become an athlete; nor does he want to become one. But it is simply certain that if he takes proper exercise in the proper way he will become a healthy, serviceable man, instead of passing through a delicate youth into a valetudinarian manhood. And this leads us to a second cardinal proposition of Mr. Maclaren's, viz. that what modern men in civilized countries want is not strength but health, which is indeed a general and equally diffused strength over all the organs and functions of the body. Those who conceive of gymnastics as aiming only to make young gentlemen emulate Blondin or Leotard, would do well to turn to these pages of Mr. Maclaren. Disproportioned strength—that is, strength in patches here and there—whether centred in the arms, or the legs, or the trunk, or generally in the muscular as compared with the other systems, is what he holds in especial reprobation; though regarded by many as the highest result of gymnastics. Men go about fancying they are strong because they have a big biceps, whereas, taken as a whole, they are as feeble as infants. It is tone, stamina, endurance, which modern conditions attack most, and these it should be our chief aim to maintain or increase, as Mr. Maclaren puts it with equal force and grace: "From the 'nursery to the school, from the school to the college or to the world beyond, the brain and the nerve-strain goes on continuous, augmenting, intensifying. . . . These are the exigencies of the 'campaign of life for the great bulk of our youths, to be encountered in the 'schoolroom, in the study, in the court of law, in the hospital, in the asylum, in the day and night visitations in 'court, and alley, and lane; and the 'hardships encountered in these fields 'of warfare hit as hard and as suddenly, and sap as insidiously, destroy as mercilessly, as the night-march, the scanty 'ration, the toil, the struggle, or the 'weapons of a warlike enemy. It is 'not the power to travel great distances, 'carry great burdens, lift great weights,

"or overcome great material obstructions," which we now require, "but 'simply that condition of body and 'that amount of vital capacity which 'shall enable each man in his place to 'pursue his calling and work on in his 'working life with the greatest amount 'of comfort to himself, and usefulness 'to his fellow-men."

Mr. Maclaren next advances to the establishment of the keystone of his book and of his system, concerning which he justly anticipates the strongest and least intelligent opposition will be raised. We refer to the incorporation of this physical training into the school course and scholastic period of the young. He moves to the assault of the citadel of prejudice which still dominates over this portion of his subject with the calm and measured tread of a practical tactician. To the objection that boys have not the time for such systematic bodily culture, he aptly replies, that "boys have time for any 'thing which is found desirable or necessary for them to do or to learn." He points out that healthy exercise is not only not hostile, but incomparably conducive, to mental cultivation; and that it supplies a peculiar "relish and zest for bodily exercise," the body, as it were, calling out for its share of attention and development, when the mind has had its sufficient stimulus. He here touches on that rhythmical alternation of action and reaction which pervades all organized nature. A tired brain *naturally* leads its owner to muscular exercise as a pleasant counteraction, longed for as an inexpressible relief. When it is not longed, that only shows how completely health and nature have been forgotten. The cultivated mind can take exercise with a concentrated vigour and profit which are utterly unattainable by the dullard and dunce. Accustomed to clearness and accuracy in their intellectual pursuits, well-trained minds import these qualities into their physical occupations; and, just as wise men see sermons in stones, they see exercise and power and health where others would only see *ennui*. Mr. Maclaren insists,

Cultivate the mind as much as it will bear, but do not, by ignorance and stupidity, defeat your own object; do not cram a boy with knowledge up to manhood to leave him incapable of using it for ever afterwards.

"All exercise should be free, should be voluntary, should be left entirely to a boy's own choice, inclination, and disposition." Such are the remarks made to Mr. Maclaren. He pertinently answers, "What should we think of the schoolmaster who, because a boy was apt and capable, and for his years well instructed, would therefore and thenceforward leave him to his own resources and inclinations?" Trusting to nature is all very well, and up to a certain point necessary, but who trusts solely to nature when he can get the benefit of art to help him? Do market-gardeners? Do horse-trainers? Does anybody who knows what he is about? When we reflect that it is precisely those who need exercise most who are disposed to take it least, we shall the more clearly realize the fatuity of this objection. And this leads to a further consideration which can hardly have escaped the notice of anybody possessed of sound ideas on this subject: we mean the notion that exercise must not be taken when a marked apathy towards it is prominent. The idea that the walk or the ride will *fatigue* the invalid, that he or she does not feel "disposed" or "equal to the exertion," constantly acts as a bar against the only remedy which can do them good. That they do not hunger and thirst for exercise, is that a reason why they should not have it? Are they kept starving because they have not a hunter's appetite. The languid muscles will acquire a flush of rosy health even during an hour's work with a kindly and sympathetic instructor,—a glow which reminds them of long-past years will follow the strange yet pleasant novelties of the gymnasium. "But it is so trying, so fatiguing, so delicate people." And what is undigested food, what are sleepless nights, what are headache and backache, and the

thousand and one miseries of enfeebled health? Are not these fatiguing? The dreaded fatigue is the indispensable preliminary to restorative nutrition—fatigue of course exactly apportioned to the previous strength or debility. But it is here where the great error is made. People fancy exercise is only for the strong. It is precisely the strong who can best do without it. The really strong can take all sorts of liberties with themselves, including neglect of exercise. It is the exercise of the weak which demands our care, just as their diet and clothing do. They can take much of nothing, but what they do take must be given with the most scrupulous anxiety, enlightened by the most catholic knowledge.

Mr. Maclaren passes in review the various school sports, which it is often fondly supposed are quite sufficient for boys as regards their physical development. He does ample justice to them, and would not have one neglected or abolished. But they are no more physical education than reading in the *Penny Magazine* is mental education. Without exception, they develop the lower limbs almost exclusively, while the trunk of the body—the precious casket in which all the noble organs have their home—is passed over and neglected. They have the fatal defect of strengthening the strong parts, while they leave the weak parts weak. But the real truth is, that not one or all of them together bring into play a tithe of the muscles which one hour in a gymnasium sets in motion. What sport exercises the muscles of the chest, the back, and the abdomen as the rings and the trapezium do? Those who have any doubt on this point should take a cricketer or an oarsman into a gymnasium, and see the figure he will cut; not in exercises requiring the least skill, but simply strength.

We here take leave of Mr. Maclaren, hoping that the glimpse we have striven to afford of his book and his system will have the natural effect of making all who read these pages wish for a profounder acquaintance with them.

THE WORTH OF EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENTS.

IN a pamphlet published about or a little before the time when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe made an attack, vehement, incisive, dogmatic, as everything that he writes or says is sure to be, upon the application of endowments to the education of the upper and middle classes. There was nothing particularly new in his arguments, though they were set forth with a force and perspicuity which makes the pamphlet well worth reading. They are substantially the same arguments which economists from the time of Adam Smith downwards have urged against charitable foundations and bounties of every kind—arguments so cogent and so easily understood that Mr. Lowe has it all his own way in stating them, and seems, when they have all been marshalled in order, to have fully established his conclusion. It is not of them, since they are in themselves unobjectionable, that we propose to speak, but of the conclusion which he employs them to prove, and which seems to us as false as they are true. That conclusion comes in substance to this, that endowments, manage and regulate them as you will, do more harm than good, and that the only safe and certain way of providing abundant and good instruction for the children of the middle and upper classes is to trust to the operation of the commercial principle of demand and supply. In other words, endowed grammar schools are a mistake, and private-adventure schools are quite sufficient to do for the country all that it can require in the matter of education.

Those who least agree with Mr. Lowe may nevertheless thank him for raising so definite an issue. The educational foundations of England are very numerous; their wealth is prodigious. An attempt to reform them, and make them do properly the work they were meant to do, must be a serious undertaking, requiring great labour and great wisdom.

If they are, as Mr. Lowe thinks, irreclaimably vicious and mischievous, we may be glad to be spared the task of pruning away their abuses, and had better confiscate their revenues at once. If, on the other hand, it can be shown that the system of private adventure schools, from which Mr. Lowe hopes everything, has failed, and must for a long time continue to fail, to meet our educational needs, the very wealth and number of the foundation schools is the most urgent reason for addressing ourselves without delay to the work of reforming them, and placing them under a management which shall not permit them to suffer in future from the abuses by which their state is now disgraced. The question, therefore, whether the "commercial" principle of demand and supply will alone give us good schools and plenty of them is in the present state of the public mind, awakened to the defects of our present system, a very important one, for discussing which no apology need be offered.

Mr. Lowe's arguments against endowments are, we have said, those common to all economists; indeed, to understand their force, a man need only use his common sense. It is plain enough that a person who has no motive of self-interest to make him labour is likely to labour less than one who has; a schoolmaster who draws his 400*l.* a year from a charitable foundation will, in four out of five cases, be *lazier* than another who has to make the same sum out of the fees of the pupils he can attract. A foundation committed to the charge of people who, like most trustees, have no direct interest in its success, will probably be neglected by them, its funds will be wasted, the intentions of its founder be perverted. A school where no fees are charged will have to complain of the irregular attendance of its scholars, and is pretty sure to injure other schools in its neighbourhood, by unduly lowering the

market price of education. And if the regulations made by a founder for his school are considered sacred, are in the eyes of the law unchangeable, they are certain sooner or later to prove injurious, because unsuited to the altered needs of the time. No one will deny that these are grave evils, and evils by which the management of English endowed schools has been hitherto deservedly discredited. But from this proposition, true and important, Mr. Lowe takes an extraordinary leap to another, for which he advances no argument whatever. Assuming that the evils incident to endowed schools are necessary and irremediable, assuming also that private adventure schools are not exposed to any corresponding evils of their own, he concludes that endowed schools ought to be swept away, that a policy of *laissez faire* is our right policy in education, and that private schools will do for us all that we can desire. This is to take for granted the very matter in issue, viz. that education is in England at this moment one of the things to which the "commercial" principle, the principle of demand and supply, properly applies. We believe the very reverse to be the truth. The principle of demand and supply works perfectly in some departments, imperfectly in others, and in some so imperfectly that no one dreams of trusting our interests to it. It lies upon Mr. Lowe to show that education is a department of the first class. We believe that he cannot do so, and that on the contrary this principle applies where education is concerned so partially and so imperfectly that it cannot be relied on to meet our present needs. The private adventure schools which it gives us are, we shall endeavour to show, unsatisfactory, owing to the defective working of the principle itself; and public schools ought to be established to do what private enterprise has failed to do. Whether such public schools should be endowed or not is a further question to be settled by inquiring what the true use and worth of endowments is.

Looking at the principle of demand and supply in general, it is clear that

private enterprise can be trusted to for the supply of an article only where that article is capable of being supplied good on a small scale. Where a large capital is required, or the co-operation of many persons is needed to produce the article, it is never certain that in any given place private persons will be found coming forward to supply it in adequate quantity and quality. We do not expect individual private speculators to provide us with gas, or water, or railways, or to undertake the transmission of letters or the protection of the public peace. Or, to put the thing differently, a town of six thousand inhabitants may support half a dozen bakers or more, each doing a thriving business, and supplying good bread, because each needs only a small shop, a bakehouse, and at most one or two journeymen at moderate wages. But in a town of six thousand people half a dozen private schoolmasters cannot possibly thrive together and give good instruction to their pupils. To be good—to have spirit, life, organization—a school must be pretty large: it must have spacious rooms, ample provision of maps, books, furniture, and apparatus of different sorts, and must be taught, if the teaching is to be efficient, by several teachers besides the head-master, each thoroughly competent in his own department. To provide all this requires considerable capital and considerable administrative power (a power wholly distinct from that which makes a man a skilful instructor); it requires also much boldness, for if the school fails, the buildings and furniture, being unsuited for other purposes, will have to be sold at a heavy loss. It is therefore only in places where the population is very large and the chances of success exceptionally favourable that we can expect to find private-adventure masters opening a school on a scale so large as the scale of a good school ought to be. And hence it is that where the want of good education has been felt by any particular class of persons, or in a populous neighbourhood, proprietary schools have been established, just because private-adventure teachers did not appear to supply what was needed. Now these proprietary

schools, though not liable to all the objections charged upon the old endowed schools, depart just as far from Mr. Lowe's favourite principle—that of letting the master teach what he pleases, and make his own bargain with the parents. And if Mr. Lowe should reply that in proprietary schools the governing body have more interest in the school's welfare than the trustees of an endowed school usually have in its welfare, he must be reminded that the most successful proprietary schools are those which, like Marlborough College, do not pay, and are not intended ever to pay, a dividend to the proprietors.

Again, it is obvious that the principle of demand and supply cannot operate where there is no demand. Now among English parents of the commercial class there is no demand for a good education. For the sort of instruction which fits a boy to enter a sale-room or a counting-house—for reading, writing, spelling, and quickness at accounts, with occasionally, but rarely, some knowledge of French—there is a demand. But no other kind of knowledge, no mental training, no cultivation of the taste and the intelligence, has any appreciable pecuniary value in practical life, and therefore none of these things is sought after by the ordinary parent. Nor is this wonderful. Greek and Latin have been forced upon English boys for so many generations in the name of a liberal education, and, being clumsily taught, have proved so unprofitable to boys who leave school for business at fifteen or sixteen years of age, that English fathers have taken an aversion to the very notion of a liberal education, and will accept nothing whose direct practical value they cannot see. If they are left to themselves, as Mr. Lowe would have them left, they will pay the private-adventure schoolmaster to teach only the things they want their sons to learn—that is to say, arithmetic, spelling, writing, and geography. The case therefore appears to be one of those in which supply must precede demand. When a really good education—an education like that of the German *gymnasias* and *Realschulen*, both liberal and practi-

cally useful—shall have been provided for the middle class, they will learn to appreciate it and be willing to pay for it. At present they will not accept it unless some external pressure is brought on them, and that pressure public schools may, and private-adventure schools cannot, apply.

Further, the principle of demand and supply succeeds only where the consumer knows and can judge of the quality of the article supplied to him. But an average British parent cannot judge of the quality of what is given under the name of education to his son. He has no means of knowing the difference between one private school and another, except report—the report of people as ill-informed and unskilful as he is himself. If he ventures to form an opinion respecting the methods of teaching followed by a master, he is more likely to be wrong than right. Take arithmetic, for instance, the subject which he probably knows most about. Ten to one he thinks that his son ought to be practised only upon what are called the commercial rules, and will complain of a teacher judicious enough to adopt the only proper method, and give the boy a scientific grasp of arithmetical principles before he gives him the various applications of those principles which he will employ in the counting-house. As to whether the teaching of arithmetic or any other subject has been made the means of disciplining and stimulating the boy's mind, the parent can of course form no opinion whatever. Hence private schoolmasters are constantly heard to complain that it is bad policy for them to give the best sort of teaching, that the way to success lies in humouring the foolish whims and vulgar pride of their customers the parents.

Lastly, the principle of demand and supply works satisfactorily only when the purchaser is also the consumer, because then the desire to have the article cheap is balanced by the desire to have it good. But in the matter of education, while the parent is the purchaser, it is the child who is really the consumer; and as the parent does not feel in his own person the dif-

ference between good and bad instruction or discipline, his desire to have a good article is likely to be outweighed by his desire to have a cheap one. Hence he is even less diligent in seeking out an efficient school than he would otherwise be, and the child suffers.

These, it may be thought, are arguments drawn from considering the principle of supply and demand in the abstract; and the right way to judge the *laissez faire* or "supply and demand" system, is to look at its results, and examine the condition of the private-adventure schools throughout England. Many people know from painful experience what their condition is: those who do not, may find it described at length in the pages of the recently-published Schools' Commission Report. It is not too much to say that it is a wretched condition, worse than any reasoning about the matter in the abstract could have led one to expect, and forbidding any hope that private schools can be, for many years to come, an effective means of giving to the middle class that enlightenment and cultivation which it is admitted that they stand in need of. Nothing is further from our intention or wish than to cast a slur upon private schoolmasters as a class. It is not chiefly they—it is their customers—it is the social state of England generally—that is to blame for the defects in their schools; and the most unsparing exposures of those defects come from private schoolmasters themselves, and show how profound are the evils inherent in the commercial system.

Private schools are risky and uncertain things; they do not always appear where they are wanted, and having appeared, they are never sure to continue, since their existence depends on the skill and energy of a single man. It constantly happens that a populous neighbourhood finds itself either without one altogether, or without any one in which even a sound commercial education can be obtained, and the consequence is that parents send their boys to boarding-schools at a distance, of whose merits or demerits they know nothing. Able men do not willingly embark in a pro-

fession where the chances of success are so uncertain, and where success itself brings little credit in the eyes of the world, and no great pecuniary profit. Even if they do try it, finding themselves without a connexion by which to enter business or one of those professions which (like law and medicine) require a long preliminary study, they have seldom the means or the boldness to start a school on a great scale with a competent staff of teachers; and in trying to attend in their own persons to all departments they effect comparatively little in any. Then the social status of the private teacher, though perhaps improving, is still such as to make men of vigour and ambition prefer almost any other career. The meanest curate thinks himself entitled to look down on the schoolmaster; even the surgeon and the attorney count for more in the society of a provincial town. His employers, the parents, treat him with little respect; they think themselves entitled to prescribe to him what and how their boy shall be taught, however ill their plans may suit the general arrangements of the school; they complain of the strictness of his rules; they resent any punishment he may find it necessary to inflict. Men of ability and firmness may succeed in crushing down such interferences and making their dignity respected, but the greater number submit, and many either turn away from the profession altogether, or prefer the dull repose of some remote grammar-school, where the fixed income may be small, but the position is at any rate independent. Considering all these drawbacks, and considering too how small are the profits that can be made off a day-school, and how irksome and worrying are the duties of the keeper of a boarding-school, it is not strange that the large majority of private-adventure schools should be inefficient. They are, we are told by those who have conducted the inquiry into their state, usually small, and hence ill-organized; their methods of teaching are unintelligent and old-fashioned; their assistant masters or "ushers" are almost invariably feeble and half-educated—

men whose salaries of 25*l.* or 30*l.* a year represent not unfairly their value in the labour-market. Exceptions of course are to be found, and perhaps a few brilliant ones. But, taken all in all, the private schools of England are a failure, and for a simple reason—it is not worth while to supply better ones to a class which, like the English commercial class, does not yet know the difference between good and bad education.

To prove that this is a true picture is of course impossible; we can only ask any one who thinks it overcharged to study the facts collected in the voluminous Report of the Schools' Commission, or, still better, to select any district of the metropolis, excluding fashionable suburbs, or any two towns of 10,000 or 20,000 people each, and to hunt up in that area every private-adventure school, ascertaining, if he can, what the pupils learn, how they are taught, and, above all, what manner of men teach them. In the metropolitan district or the provincial town they will probably find one, possibly several, fairly good private schools. But for every good one they will find half a dozen bad.

If the *laissez faire* system and the private schools it creates fail us, we are driven back to seek elsewhere the means of educational progress. But we are not necessarily driven back, as Mr. Lowe strangely fancies, upon the old endowed schools, with their time-honoured abuses of irremovable masters, irresponsible trustees, boys taught Latin and Greek for nothing, and taught nothing else. Endowments have, as we hope to show, a use of their own, and may be made to render services of the greatest value. But it is not so much endowed schools that are needed as public schools, an organized system of places of instruction of different grades, established all over the country wherever the population is large enough to need them, placed under some sort of authorized control and supervision, and receiving from their publicity a guarantee of efficiency which both private and endowed schools at present want. Instruction in England is at present wholly unorganized. Endowed schools, pro-

prietary schools, State-paid primary schools (national and British), lie scattered here and there where chance has placed them, each managed without reference not only to those of a different class or grade, but also to others of the same class or grade. Some neighbourhoods are overstocked with schools; others equally or more populous have no school at all, or none of the grade needed. The whole thing is a chaos, and the first step to educational reform is to recognise the necessity of having our places of instruction organized upon some general and definite principles, so as to form parts of an ordered and comprehensive whole. This is one main reason why we should provide public schools for the middle class; they are the proper and necessary link between the public elementary schools which the State supports for the poor and the great schools and universities for the richer classes which the State has, indirectly at least, undertaken to govern and manage. Two other reasons of much weight are suggested by the defects which have just been pointed out in the private-adventure schools. The appointment of teachers by some public authority, the supervision of the school by the same authority, the regular examination of the scholars by some independent competent person, will furnish a guarantee of the excellence of the instruction, such as is at present wholly wanting. The parents who now complain that they have no means of knowing a good school from a bad one, and the teachers who complain that they have no means of commending their merits to the public, will thus be relieved of what is a real and serious difficulty. And as the curriculum of studies in the public schools will be drawn up by men of known wisdom and experience, and will have the weight of a public authority in its favour, parents will regard it with a deference they do not now show to the opinion of the individual schoolmaster, and will consent to let their children learn not merely the writing, spelling, arithmetic, and geography, whose use they know, but those other subjects of study, whatever they may be, which the

system of the school may prescribe or encourage, subjects whose value they will for a time take upon trust, and at last come to recognise and understand.

Arguments on this point might easily be multiplied, but those already given may be enough to indicate the improvements to be hoped for from the establishment of a system of public schools throughout England. Whether such schools should be endowed or not is a different question altogether, although Mr. Lowe seems unable to separate the two things in his mind. If well managed, public schools might be self-supporting, as many proprietary schools are now. They do not absolutely need the aid of the educational endowments which England possesses in such large measure. But as these endowments do exist and are of enormous value, it becomes an important question to ascertain in what manner, if at all, they can be applied to benefit education, without risk of the mischief which has so often flowed from their maladministration.

Now, without entering on the general question of the economical working of endowments, it may be taken to be a sound principle, that whatever demand and supply can and will adequately do for us, it is better that they and not endowments should do for us. The object of an endowment ought therefore to be, not to give people gratis something which they are now willing to pay for, but to provide something which they do not yet value enough to pay its full price for, in the hope that when they have got accustomed to it they will begin to value it, and at last come to regard it as a necessary which their own interest requires them to have. In other words, an endowment ought not to supply an article—in this case, education—at a lower price than that which it fetches in the open market. What it ought to do is, taking the market-price, to give a better article for that price than a private dealer can afford to supply. Whatever parents can be induced to pay for the schooling of their children, they must be required to pay; and we must use the endowments attached to schools to make their instruction sounder and wider than the fees

received from parents could alone enable us to make it. The defect of the system of private-adventure schools is this, that parents of the middle class have so low and narrow a notion of education that they will not pay fees large enough to let the private teacher provide really good instruction, and to make the profession of teaching profitable enough to attract able men to it. This defect may be met by subsidizing public schools by a sum which will represent the difference between instruction as it is and instruction as it ought to be, and which will ensure to the talent and industry displayed by a teacher a remuneration proportioned to that which the like talent and industry can win in other professions. But the aim of such subsidies will never be to supersede the healthy action of the principle of demand and supply; it will rather be to bring about a state of things in which that principle will of itself do all that the country needs, and endowments, having fulfilled their purpose, will be no longer needed.

If this principle be accepted as sound, its practical applications will readily suggest themselves. The most obvious and safest way of applying an endowment to benefit a school is to spend it on buildings and school apparatus, so as to relieve the income arising from fees of the institution from the burden of rent, and allow receipts from fees to be divided among the teachers. In this way, while the parent has to pay as much as he would pay a private-adventure teacher, the public schoolmaster receives more; while at the same time the health and comfort of both boys and masters are secured by giving them good rooms and furniture. A second form of application, that of giving the master or masters of a school a fixed salary out of the endowment, has often led to abuses, but it may be rendered perfectly safe and beneficial if such salary is made to form a comparatively small part of the master's whole income, the rest of which will come from fees paid by the scholars, and if he is removable from office by the governing body, not only for a moral fault, but also for indolence, negligence, or in-

competence. A third application is to provide pensions for teachers who have worked long and successfully in the public service; and it is a merit of this form, that it not only increases the attractiveness of the profession, but provides against an evil which now weighs upon many schools—the retention of his post by an old master whom no one likes to remove because he has served well, but who is no longer equal to his duties. Lastly, there is the application to school “exhibitions”—that is, the giving to boys of approved merit yearly payments of greater or less amount, to enable them to continue their studies at a university or some other place of advanced education. That exhibitions have often been perverted, and are in many instances unwisely administered, cannot be denied. But, admitting that the competitive system may be—perhaps has been already—carried too far, and admitting also that these funds which were meant to aid the poor have been frequently engrossed by the rich it must still be remembered that, by means of exhibitions, the barriers between classes have often been broken down, and a very great number of eminent men have been enabled to win their education and reach positions where they have rendered memorable services to science and learning. The only question is as to the machinery for bestowing these aids upon the right persons. When a suitable machinery has been—as it may be—devised, the utility of money spent in this way will not be disputed.

Besides these, which are among the more obvious methods of turning charitable funds to account, there is another of even greater ultimate consequence. There are some departments of education whose existence the interests of the community demand, but which cannot now, and for a long time to come may not be able to pay their way. In the universities it is desirable to have professors prepared to lecture on many subjects which so few students wish to learn that their fees could not support the professors. Such, for instance, are Oriental languages in one department of knowledge; the higher branches of

mathematics, or such a science as mineralogy in another. If an endowment or a public grant does not provide teaching in these subjects, it will not be provided at all. In every one of our great towns—in Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle, Sheffield—there ought to be, besides the schools, an institution like a Scotch or German university, though not necessarily with so large a staff of professors, giving instruction of a high order in the more important branches of literature and science; instruction not merely practical, like that of a technical school, but of a genuinely philosophical character. At present, not one of our great towns, except Manchester, possesses such an institution; and as at Manchester it has been created by an endowment, one is led to believe that some endowment will be needed to start it and give it a fair chance of success in those other towns where it is so greatly needed. For a time, perhaps for a long time, the number of students will not be large enough to make the professorships, paid by fees only, so lucrative as to be accepted by eminent men. But without eminent men such local colleges would not succeed, and it is of the greatest importance to the progress of education and culture in England that they should succeed. To support institutions of this nature is therefore the proper function of an endowment—as it might be the duty of the State to support them if no endowment could be set apart for the purpose—because they are things which the principle of demand and supply does not support, and which it is nevertheless the pressing interest of the nation to have maintained. We are far from wishing to see the State invoked, as some theorists invoke it, to undertake every sort of social reform; but there are cases in which the collective wisdom of England may be greater than the wisdom of private persons; and if it is necessary for Government to educate the lower class, as Mr. Lowe (in spite of his own principles) is forced to admit, it may be matter of public concern to aid in spreading knowledge and cultivation among the middle classes also.

And in doing this by means of any of the methods of applying endowments which we have mentioned no economical law will be violated. The stimulus of self-interest will not be removed from the teacher, because his income will mainly depend on what he receives in fees. Private adventure teachers will not be driven out of the field, because the fees required will be kept up to the market price of instruction.

One word, before concluding, on the practical aspects of the question. Now that within the last year or two the miserably defective condition of the education of the middle classes has been clearly shown and generally acknowledged, it cannot be thought that many sessions will pass without some legislation on the matter. Since private adventure schools are unable to supply what is wanted, a system of new public schools under local management and central supervision will no doubt be, under one form or another, called into existence. Although such schools may, when established, be made wholly or mainly self-supporting—and if so, so much the better, considerable expense will be incurred in founding them and giving them a helping hand at first. And it is desirable that no additional burden should be laid for this purpose on the tax-payer, oppressed as he now is by the increase in local rates. Recourse must therefore be had to the existing endowments, and nothing is more important than that these endowments should be dealt with in no timid or shrinking spirit. Their past history has shown, not indeed as Mr. Lowe would have it, that foundations are necessarily and always pernicious, but that they are pernicious when left to themselves, and that the only way to make them useful is to treat them as so much public money, to be disposed of as public wisdom thinks best. Nor is this all. Besides the educational endowments, there are in every part of England a multitude of foundations for other charitable purposes, usually administered by small bodies of negligent trustees, under the provisions of wills or deeds of gift made two or three cen-

turies ago. In the City of London alone there are hundreds of such foundations with an aggregate revenue of tens of thousands a year, many of which are positively noxious, while of the remainder the great majority are utterly wasted. The time has surely come for an inquiry into the working of these charities, and for considering whether they ought not to be placed under an efficient public control, and whether the funds of those which cannot be shown to serve some good purpose should not be diverted to the support of public schools.

[Since the above was written, Mr. Forster has brought in a Bill for reforming the endowed schools of England and Wales, and for applying to educational purposes the funds of certain classes of non-educational charities, if such charities are certified by the Charity Commission to be now ill-applied. We have not space here to enter into a criticism of this Bill, certain provisions of which, and especially that whereby a line of demarcation is drawn between the endowed schools of the country generally and seven of the so-called public schools, seem likely to excite some measure of opposition. But it may be worth while to remark that, as the object of the Bill—the re-organization of our endowed schools—is one of great and pressing importance, so the means taken to attain that object—the appointment of a temporary Executive Commission—is evidently the most direct and effective that can be suggested. It is to be hoped that every chance will be given to the Commission of doing its work in a thorough and satisfactory way; and for this it will be necessary not only that its powers should be wide, but that those who compose it should be men of recognised eminence, whose names and whose experience will give weight to its suggestions, and command the respect of the local governing bodies with which it will have to deal. Nothing but an unfettered discretion can enable it to make really useful proposals for the alteration of trusts, since, in very many cases, fundamental alterations will be needed to render serviceable endowments which have hitherto been mischievous. So far as head-masters and local trustees have any ideas respecting the management and application of charitable revenues, they generally think it desirable to keep these revenues under their own control, and get as much private patronage out of them as they can. So far, on the other hand, as experience teaches us anything on the subject, it teaches that charities left to themselves are invariably perverted, and that endowment funds can be turned properly to account only when administered with the same publicity and the same regard to the interest of the whole community wherewith we administer direct grants from the treasury of the State.]

TWO SISTERS.

FIRST SISTER.

WHEN dusk descends and dews begin
She sees the forest ghostly fair,
And, half in heaven, is drinking in
The moonlit melancholy air:
The sons of God have charge and care
Her maiden grace from foes to keep,
And Jesus sends her unaware
A maiden sanctity of sleep.

SECOND SISTER.

In dreams, in dreams, with sweet surprise
I see the lord of all these things;
From night and nought with eager eyes
He comes, and in his coming sings:
His gentle port is like a king's,
His open face is free and fair,
And lightly from his brow he flings
The young abundance of his hair.

FIRST SISTER.

Oh who hath watched her kneel to pray
In hours forgetful of the sun?
Or seen beneath the dome of day
The poising seraph seek the nun?
Her weary years at last have won
A life from life's confusion free:
What else is this but heaven begun,
Pure peace and simple chastity?

SECOND SISTER.

Oh never yet to mortal maid
Such sad divine division came
From all that stirs or makes afraid
The gentle thoughts without a name:
Through all that lives a sacred flame,
A pulse of pleasant trouble, flows,
And tips the daisy's tinge of flame,
And blushes redder in the rose.

FIRST SISTER.

From lifted head the golden hair
Is soft and blowing in the breeze,
And softly on her brows of prayer
The summer-shadow flits and flees:
Then parts a pathway in the trees,
A vista sunlit and serene,
And there and then it is she sees
What none but such as she have seen.

SECOND SISTER.

Oh if with him by lea and lawn
I pressed but once the silvery sod,
And scattered sparkles of the dawn
From aster and from golden-rod,
I would not tread where others trod,
Nor dream as other maidens do,
Nor more should need to ask of God,
When God had brought me thereunto.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

THE MALAYAN ARCHIPELAGO.¹

BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART. F.R.S.

IN this work Mr. Wallace gives us a most interesting account of his long residence in the Eastern Archipelago. Here it was that he independently conceived the idea of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, which has given so profound an impulse to the study of biology, and has explained so many difficulties; here he also carefully studied the habits and geographical distribution of the native fauna, and made large collections, which have supplied him and others with materials for many important memoirs.

He visited Sumatra, Java, Bali, Lombok, Timor, Borneo, Celebes, Gilolo, New Guinea, and many of the smaller islands. The Dutch and their colonial system pleased him very much; of the Portuguese he speaks less favourably; but after all he produces on the mind of the reader an impression that some of the islands where the native civilization has been least affected by European influence enjoy the highest amount of prosperity. There is not, indeed, now any native ruler who, like the Sultan of Achin in 1615, could collect a fleet of 500 vessels, and an army of 60,000 men; still in some of the Malayan islands the state of agriculture is remarkably advanced, and the people marvellously numerous and well off. In Bali, for instance, the whole surface of the country is divided into small patches, so arranged as to permit an admirable system of irrigation, and all in the highest state of cultivation. We talk of England being overpopulated, though we have only 280 people to a square mile, whereas Bali is said to have a population of 700,000, or 480 to a square mile.

Still, though Mr. Wallace's work

gives us much interesting information on the character and social condition of the natives, and some personal adventures by no means deficient in interest, the value of it mainly depends on the numerous zoological facts which it contains, especially with reference to the geographical distribution and habits of the various remarkable animals which inhabit this area,—the orang-utan, the babirusa, the curious ox-antelope of Celebes, the beautiful and mysterious Birds of Paradise, and the rich insect fauna.

The Malayan Archipelago occupies a triangular area, the apex of which, formed by the Philippine Islands, points northwards; the centre is occupied by Borneo on the west, Celebes in the middle, and the Moluccas on the east; the southern boundary consists of a chain of islands, pointing to and almost joining the Malayan peninsula on the west, and terminating on the east between New Guinea and Australia. This chain of islands begins with Sumatra, which is followed successively by Java, Bali, Lombok, Sumbawa, Flores, and Timor.

The whole Archipelago has on the map a peculiar appearance. Java and Sumatra look very much as if they had been budded off from the Malayan peninsula, which itself seems on the eve of separation from the mainland; and, in fact, from this similarity, Sumatra was at one time known as Lesser Java, although in reality much the larger of the two; Borneo looks much like the box that Celebes came in; while Gilolo so exactly repeats on a small scale the very curious shape of its neighbour, that it looks for all the world like a young Celebes; and, lastly, New Guinea has a curious resemblance to a bird.

From the great number of small islands which are scattered between these larger ones, and from the alterations

¹ "The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-Utan, and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature." By Alfred Russel Wallace.

of level which are known to have taken place, we should, *a priori*, have expected that the fauna of the whole Archipelago to possess one uniform character; or even if Borneo and Celebes had presented peculiarities, we should have expected to find one uniform list of species in the long chain of islands which stretches from Sumatra to New Guinea.

It was, however, previously known that Borneo and Celebes differed extremely in their zoology, and Mr. Wallace has now shown that the line separating the faunas of these two islands is continued southwards, and passes between Bali and Lombok. There is perhaps no single fact in geographical distribution more remarkable than the contrast between these two islands, the distance between which is only fifteen miles.

Yet there is nothing either in the soil or the climate to account for such a difference; the volcanic area extends throughout the chain of islands, and exercises no apparent effect upon their productions. It is true that Timor is dry and arid, but so is the east end of Java; the Philippines and the Moluccas closely resemble one another in their volcanic soil and consequent fertility, in their luxuriant forests and numerous earthquakes; while Borneo and New Guinea agree in the absence of volcanoes, in their climate, and in the general aspect of their vegetation; "yet between these corresponding groups of islands, constructed as it were after the same pattern, subjected to the same climate, and bathed by the same oceans, there exists the greatest possible contrast when we compare their animal productions." On the other hand, there cannot be a greater physical contrast than that between the hot, damp forests of New Guinea and the dry, stony deserts of Australia, which however, from a zoological point of view, are so closely connected together.

Sumatra contains the Indian elephant, the tapir, and a rhinoceros, belonging to species which are also found in Asia; Borneo has the same elephant and tapir; the Javan rhinoceros is of a different species, but one that also

occurs in Asia; and the smaller mammalia are generally the same in these three islands, and belong to species which also occur on the mainland. On the whole, "the three great islands of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo resemble in their natural productions the adjacent parts of the continent, almost as much as such widely separated districts could be expected to do even if they still formed a part of Asia."

The large species of mammalia, however, never can have crossed the sea; and if we bear in mind that these islands are connected with Asia by a submarine platform which rarely exceeds forty fathoms in depth, while an elevation of 100 fathoms would convert the whole into land as far as the Philippines in the north and Bali to the east, there can be little doubt that these islands have been connected with Asia by dry land within the lifetime of existing species.

On the other hand, the eastern portion of the Archipelago, including Celebes and Lombok, is almost as closely connected, zoologically, with Australia and New Guinea as the western portion is with Asia. Every one knows that Australia differs far more from all the four great continents than they do from one another. "It possesses none of those familiar types of quadruped which are met with in every other part of the world. Instead of these, it has marsupials only, kangaroos and opossums, wombats and the duck-billed platypus. In birds it is almost as peculiar. It has no woodpeckers and no pheasants, families which exist in every other part of the world; but instead of them it has the mound-making brush-turkeys, the honey-suckers, the cockatoos and the brush-tongued lorries, which are found nowhere else upon the globe. All these striking peculiarities are found also in those islands which form the Austro-Malayan division of the Archipelago. The great contrast between the two divisions of the Archipelago is nowhere so abruptly exhibited as in passing from the island of Bali to that of Lombok, where the two regions

"are in closest proximity. In Bali we have barbets, fruit-thrushes, and woodpeckers; on passing over to Lombok, these are seen no more, but we have abundance of cockatoos, honey-suckers, and brush-turkeys, which are equally unknown in Bali, or any island further west. The strait is here fifteen miles wide, so that we may pass in two hours from one great division of the earth to another, differing as essentially in their animal life as Europe does from America. If we travel from Java or Borneo to Celebes or the Moluccas, the difference is still more striking. In the first, the forests abound in monkeys of many kinds, wild cats, deer, civets, and otters, and numerous varieties of squirrels are constantly met with. In the latter, none of these occur; but the prehensile-tailed cuscus is almost the only terrestrial mammal seen, except wild pigs, which are found in all the islands, and deer (which have probably been recently introduced) in Celebes and the Moluccas. The birds which are most abundant in the Western Islands are woodpeckers, barbets, trogons, fruit-thrushes, and leaf-thrushes; they are seen daily, and form the great ornithological features of the country. In the Eastern Islands these are absolutely unknown, honey-suckers and small lorries being the most common birds; so that the naturalist feels himself in a new world, and can hardly realize that he has passed from the one region to the other in a few days, without ever being out of sight of land."

Thus, then, the eastern and western portions of the Eastern Archipelago are tenanted by essentially different faunas, that of the west being Asiatic, that of the east, on the contrary, being evidently derived from New Guinea and Australia. Thus we find that fifteen miles of deep sea causes a greater difference than one hundred miles of shallow water. Why is this? Not certainly because the one is more difficult to cross than the other—both are alike practically impassable to land mammalia; but the

difference is that deep sea is generally old sea; while shallow sea, on the contrary, is often of recent origin.

The human inhabitants of the Malayan Archipelago also fall into two great and well-marked divisions—the Malay, or yellow, and the Papuan, or black race. The line of division, however, runs eastward of that which divides the other mammalia, which is natural enough, because man can cross straits which are impassable to other mammalia, and the Malays have long been encroaching on the Papuans. The Malays are unquestionably of Asiatic origin, like the mammals with which they are associated. Mr. Wallace connects the Papuans with the Polynesians, an opinion in which he is not, I think, likely to be followed by many ethnologists.

Putting on one side the Polynesians, who do not come strictly within the scope of the present article, it is my belief that, as the Malaysians came from Asia, so the Papuans are connected, though somewhat more remotely, with Africa; while the Australians have probably occupied their present area much longer than either of the two other races. The size, the colour, the hair of the Papuan all remind one of Africa, and the moral characteristics point in the same direction: "He is impulsive and demonstrative in speech and action. His emotions and passions express themselves in shouts and laughter, in yells and frantic leapings."

Nor must this resemblance be looked on as an isolated or exceptional fact. The Orang-utan of Borneo and Java is clearly related to the anthropoid apes of Africa; *Anoa depressicornis*, the curious ox-antelope of Celebes, finds its nearest allies in Africa, and the same is the case with the babirusa or pig-deer. The character of the Madagascar fauna also points, as is well known, to an ancient connexion with India.

On the whole, then, we have in the Malayan Archipelago and Australia three principal races of men. First, the Australian; secondly, the Papuan race, which belongs to the same great human

family as the negro; and thirdly, the Malayan, which is of Asiatic character, and is gradually encroaching on the Papuan, as the Papuans perhaps did long ago on the still lower Australians.

Many of the islands are very poor in mammalia. Thus Timor, though three hundred miles long and sixty wide, contains only seven species of land mammalia: the common monkey; the *Paradoxurus fasciatus*, a civet cat; *Felis megalotis*, a tiger cat, said to be peculiar to the island; a deer, *Cervus timoriensis*; a wild pig, *Sus timoriensis*; a shrew-mouse, *Sorex tenuis*; and lastly an opossum, *Cuscus orientalis*: even of these seven one or two may have been introduced by man. Such facts as these can only be explained in one way; namely, that the island has never formed part of Australia on the one hand, nor been connected by continuous land with Java and Sumatra on the other. The case of Celebes is very similar—that island, though nearly twice as large as Java, containing only fourteen terrestrial mammalia, no less than eleven of which occur nowhere else.

As illustrating Mr. Wallace's powers of observation, I may take his account of those curious cases in which a species is represented, not by a male and a female, but by a male and two very distinct females. Thus, in a beautiful Sumatra butterfly, *Papilio memnon*, there are two very dissimilar females, so unlike indeed that they were at one time supposed to form distinct species. The one kind resembles the male both in form and colour. In the second the hind wings are produced into long tails, no rudiment of which ever occurs either in the male or in the first kind of female. These tailed females thus come closely to resemble the *Papilio coön*, thus affording a case of mimicry resembling those so well described by Mr. Bates. Nor can it be said that the resemblance is accidental, since in India, where *P. coön* is represented by *P. doubledayi*, with red spots instead of yellow, and *P. memnon* by *P. androgeus*, the latter species has tailed females with red spots, thus again mimicking *P. doubledayi*.

P. coön belongs to a section of the genus which is not attacked by birds, and no doubt many a female of *P. memnon* has owed its safety to being mistaken for the other species. It is very remarkable that females of each form can produce both.

Mr. Wallace appears to have generally left the pursuit of large game to his assistants, and wisely occupied himself by collecting the smaller but not less interesting species. It must not be supposed, however, that he is deficient in hunting enthusiasm. Far from it: he enjoyed his entomological hunts with a keen zest; and though those who can only appreciate sport in connexion with large game may smile at his enthusiasm, many an English entomologist would gladly have shared the penalty to have joined in the capture of the butterfly which has been since named *Ornithoptera cræsus*. Mr. Wallace first got a glimpse of this beautiful species in the forest at Batchian; in two months he only saw one other specimen, till, he says, "One day, about the beginning of January, I found a beautiful shrub, "with large white leafy bracts and "yellow flowers, a species of *Mussaenda*, and saw one of these noble "insects hovering over it, but it was "too quick for me and flew away. "The next day I went again to the "same shrub and succeeded in catching "a female, and the day after a fine "male. I found it to be as I had expected, a perfectly new and most magnificent species, and one of the most "gorgeously coloured butterflies in the "world. Fine specimens of the male "are more than seven inches across the "wings, which are velvety black and "fiery orange, the latter colour replacing the green of the allied species. "The beauty and brilliancy of this insect are indescribable, and none but a "naturalist can understand the intense "excitement I experienced when I at length captured it. On taking it out "of my net and opening the glorious "wings, my heart began to beat violently, the blood rushed to my head, "and I felt much more like fainting

"than I have done when in apprehension of immediate death. I had a headache the rest of the day, so great was my excitement, produced by what will appear to most people a very inadequate cause."

But although the Malayan Archipelago produces many beautiful species, Mr. Wallace maintains that it is quite a mistake to suppose that the animals and plants of the tropics are more brilliantly coloured than those of temperate regions. The idea has naturally arisen from the collection of beautiful flowers in our hothouses,—gorgeous insects and splendid birds in our museums,—but such assemblages do not naturally occur in the tropics, nor are there any such masses of brilliant colouring as are produced in our country by cowslips and primroses, buttercups and clover, bluebells and poppies, heath and furze.

In the regions of the equator, on the contrary, he says, "whether it be forest or savannah, a sombre green clothes universal nature. You may journey for hours, and even for days, and meet with nothing to break the monotony. Flowers are everywhere rare, and anything at all striking is only to be met with at very distant intervals."

The flowers of the sea are, in fact, more brilliant than those of the land. In the harbour of Amboyna the clearness of the water, he says, "afforded me one of the most astonishing and beautiful sights I have ever beheld. The bottom was absolutely hidden by a continuous series of corals, sponges, actiniae, and other marine productions, of magnificent dimensions, varied forms, and brilliant colours. The depth varied from about twenty to fifty feet, and the bottom was very uneven, rocks and chasms, and little hills and valleys, offering a variety of stations for the growth of these animal forests. In and out among them moved numbers of blue and red and yellow fishes, spotted and banded and striped in the most striking manner; while great orange or rosy transparent medusae floated along near the surface. It was a sight to gaze at for hours,

"and no description can do justice to its surpassing beauty and interest. For once, the reality exceeded the most glowing accounts I had ever read of the wonders of a coral sea."

He was also much struck with the beauty of the natives in the Aru Islands, "though the women, except in extreme youth, are by no means so pleasant to look at as the men. Their strongly marked features are very unfeminine, and hard work, privations, and very early marriages soon destroy whatever of beauty or grace they may for a short time possess."

Mr. Wallace seems to have been specially pleased with Celebes. At Máros, near Macassar, M. Mesman built for him "a nice little house, consisting of a good-sized enclosed verandah, or open room, and a small inner sleeping-room, with a little cook-house outside. The forest which surrounded me was open, and free from underwood, consisting of large trees, widely scattered. The ground was as thickly covered with dry leaves as it is in an English wood in November, the little rocky streams were all dry, and scarcely a drop of water, or even a damp place, was anywhere to be seen. About fifty yards below my house, at the foot of the hill, was a deep hole in a watercourse, where good water was to be had, and where I went daily to bathe, by having a bucket of water taken out, and pouring it over my body. In fact," he continues, "I have rarely enjoyed myself more than during my residence here. As I sat taking my coffee at six in the morning, rare birds would often be seen on some tree close by, when I would hastily sally out in my slippers, and perhaps secure a prize I had been seeking after for weeks. A few minutes' search on the fallen trees around my house at sunrise and sunset would often produce me more beetles than I would meet with in a day's collecting, and odd moments could be made valuable, which, when living in villages, or at a distance from the forest, are inevitably wasted. Where the sugar-palms were dripping

"with sap, flies congregated in immense numbers, and it was by spending half an hour at these when I had the time to spare that I obtained the finest and most remarkable collection of this group of insects that I have ever made."

To a naturalist such a life must indeed have been full of enjoyment. Yet it was not without serious drawbacks. Mr. Wallace, however, keeps these very much in the background. He writes in the spirit of old Hearne, who, when robbed by Indians of almost everything he had, simply remarked that, his load being thereby so much "lightened, this part of his journey was the easiest and most pleasant of any he had experienced since leaving the fort." In the same spirit, Mr. Wallace makes light of his difficulties and sufferings. Even when he alludes to them, it is merely to express his regret at the loss of valuable time; as, for instance, at Dorey, where he was laid up for some weeks by an internal inflammation of the foot, following a severe ulcer: he only remarks, however, that he was "tantalised by seeing grand butterflies flying past my door, and thinking of the twenty or thirty new species of insects that I ought to be getting every day."

As a matter of course, he refers to the abundance of troublesome insects; great spiders lurking in boxes, or hiding in the folds of his mosquito curtains; centipedes and millepedes everywhere, to say nothing of flies, scorpions, and especially ants, which crawled continually over his hands and face, got into his bed and among his hair, and roamed at will all over his body, especially in New Guinea, where he believes that during his whole residence of three months and a half he was never a moment without ants among his clothes.

Mr. Wallace seems to have got on with the natives as well as with the insects. Being alone, he had no incautious companions to get him into trouble, and his experience in South America no doubt stood him in good stead. Still it is remarkable that in all his wanderings he never had any

serious dispute with the natives, even though he was for some time the only European in New Guinea, among a peculiarly ferocious people. His preference for manly to female beauty, as already mentioned, may have had something to do with it. Probably, also, his peculiar occupations and property caused him to be regarded as a semi-supernatural being. "I have no doubt," he says, "that to the next generation, or even before, I myself shall be transformed into a magician or a demigod, a worker of miracles, and a being of supernatural knowledge. They already believe that all the animals I preserve will come to life again; and to their children it will be related that they actually did so." Many superstitious myths in various parts of the world have doubtless arisen in this manner.

In the Aru Islands he was certainly regarded as a magician: "'You must know,' say they; 'you know everything; you make the fine weather for your men to shoot; and you know all about our birds and our animals as well as we do; and you go alone into the forest and are not afraid.'"

It would be very unfair, however, both to Mr. Wallace and to the natives, thus to explain away a circumstance so creditable to both. One little trait, for instance, well deserves mention: at Waigiou, as elsewhere, Mr. Wallace was in the habit of paying for birds of paradise in advance; some took goods for one bird, some for two, and so on; when Mr. Wallace was quitting Waigiou one poor fellow who had not been able to get a single bird brought the axe he had received in advance; another who had agreed for six had only brought five. He was absent, and Mr. Wallace could wait no longer, so the boat was prepared, and he was just on the point of starting, when the honest native ran down to the shore in triumph, produced his last bird, and said, with great satisfaction, "Now I owe you nothing."

Some writers still maintain that there is no race of men without religion; Mr. Wallace, however, adds his testimony to that of most travellers, whether sailors

or philosophers, merchants or missionaries, that this is a mistake: he lived some time at Wanumbai, and saw no signs of any religion. Still he liked the people, and enjoyed his visit to them very much. He even adds, "that among people in a very low stage of civilization we find some approach to such a perfect social state. I have lived with communities of savages in South America and in the East who have no laws or law courts but the public opinion of the village freely expressed. Each man scrupulously respects the rights of his fellow, and any infractions of those rights rarely or never take place. In such a community all are nearly equal. All incitements to great crimes are wanting, and petty ones are repressed, partly by the influence of public opinion, but chiefly by that natural sense of justice and of his neighbour's rights, which seems to be, in some degree, inherent in every race of man. Now, although we have progressed vastly beyond the savage state in intellectual achievements, we have not advanced equally in morals. It is true that among those classes who have no wants that cannot be easily supplied, and among whom public opinion has great influence, the rights of others are fully respected. It is true, also, that we have vastly extended the sphere of those rights, and include within them all the brotherhood of man. But it is not too much to say, that the mass of our populations have not at all advanced beyond the savage code of morals, and have in many cases sunk below it.

"During the last century, and especially in the last thirty years, our intellectual and material advancement has been too quickly achieved for us to reap the full benefit of it. Our mastery over the forces of nature has led to a rapid growth of population and a vast accumulation of wealth;

"but these have brought with them such an amount of poverty and crime, and have fostered the growth of so much sordid feeling and so many fierce passions, that it may well be questioned whether the mental and moral status of our population has not, on the average, been lowered, and whether the evil has not overbalanced the good. Compared with our wondrous progress in physical science and its practical applications, our system of government, of administering justice, of national education, and our whole social and moral organization, remains in a state of barbarism. And if we continue to devote our chief energies to the utilizing of our knowledge of the laws of nature with the view of still further extending our commerce and our wealth, the evils which necessarily accompany these, when too eagerly pursued, may increase to such gigantic dimensions as to be beyond our power to alleviate."

In this passage Mr. Wallace gives a description of the savage very different from that of almost all previous observers. The picture he draws of our own condition is surely somewhat too dark. That our present social state is eminently unsatisfactory cannot be denied, but that we have sunk below the savage code of morality seems to me incredible. Nor can I altogether accept Mr. Wallace's remedy. Our error has been, I think, not that we have accepted the material advantages, and eagerly profited by the miracles, of science; but that in our system of education we ignore, and even oppose its teachings, like the foolish multitude of old, who freely partook of the loaves and fishes, but would not listen to the lessons which accompanied them. The question, however, is too large for discussion here; and I will only say, in conclusion, that Mr. Wallace's work will, I think, justly rank among the best books of travels ever published.

TWO VIEWS OF THE CONVENT QUESTION.

[The two following papers—the first by the author of “Our Offence, our Defence, and our Petition,” in the Magazine for February, the second by another anonymous writer—can hardly fail to interest the readers of *Macmillan*, and to prolong the inquiry raised by the article just referred to, which has called forth notice in so many quarters. The Convent Question is one by which we are all more or less affected, however we may look upon it. These papers, at any rate, will show that it may be treated with earnestness as well as with ability, and that it is not necessary always to deal with questions affecting women in the tone of alternate flippancy and patronage prevalent in some quarters.—Ed. *M. M.*]

I.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON CONVENTS AND ON ENGLISH GIRLS.

“A flourishing Church requires a vast and complicated organization, which should afford a place for every one who is ready to work in the service of humanity. The enthusiasm should not be suffered to die out in any one for want of the occupation best calculated to keep it alive.”—*Eccle Homo*.

THERE are certain times, and these are usually times of great public anxiety, when we must all feel proud of the tone and feeling of the English press. A common danger or a common sorrow strikes an answering note from every newspaper in the country, and we learn to believe that those columns contain the outspoken words of English wisdom and patriotism. But there are other times when public events run smoothly, and when it chances that something concerning religious profession, or something concerning women, comes under discussion. Where then is the wisdom, the philosophy of our instructors? Gone, completely gone; and instead of it a spirit of foolishness, which terribly shakes our confidence in the institution, takes possession of the press. Illogical, unfair, untruthful statements are made without scruple and without reproof; and the philosophers who supply our intellectual food seem wholly possessed by a spirit of blind prejudice. When men talk of women they often talk like silly women catching the folly they attribute to their subject.

Such an exhibition of feeling has lately been made during the long trial

of Saurin *v.* Starr, and the contagion has spread beyond the press. When will people learn the folly of exaggeration, and know that every time they overstep the bounds of accurate truth they are working just so much for the opposite side? It is because men have done this on the present occasion, and because I think it probable that the harsh and ignorant ridicule which has lately been levelled against convents may cause a revulsion of feeling in their favour, that I venture to say a few words about them.

In the first place, let us define what a convent really is. It is an association of women who, following a custom almost as old as Christianity itself, have voluntarily renounced every earthly tie; who have sealed that renunciation by a solemn oath; and who have devoted their lives to poverty, obedience, and self-denial. Every woman who enters a convent knows that from henceforth she completely sinks her own individuality—distinctions of rank, of education, and of wealth are all forgotten; she loses even her own name, and becomes just such another as any of the rest of the community, or any other

nun who has entered the order since its foundation. Such being known to be the case, it is absurd to treat the hardships and privations of a nun as a cause of complaint. It would be as reasonable for a soldier to object to drill, a sailor to the sea, or a clerk to writing. And we should also strive to guard ourselves against the error of judging any system by its abuse: it would be as absurd to condemn all monarchical governments because Nero and Ferdinand of Naples had reigned, or all republicans because certain Swiss or Americans were dishonest or vulgar, as to condemn all convents because one Lady Superior lost her patience with a refractory nun. And yet this is the line of argument most of our advisers have taken up. "See," they cry, "ragged clothes, coarse food, menial work, forced submission to petty tyranny! Young ladies of England, is it for this you abandon all the luxuries and elegancies of life?" We might perhaps be tempted to ask whether these latter pleasures can be really so great, since it is actually the case that every year a number of women prefer to submit to these fearful hardships than to continue to enjoy them; but this is beside our present purpose. What we wish now to do is to point out that if people wish—as the present writer does—to check the fashion for conventual life which is fast spreading amongst us, some more effectual arguments must be used than the mere assertion that it is not a comfortable life. Girls know that before they enter, and enter all the same. Besides, they actually try it during a probation of many months, and still keep fast to their intention. *Punch's* well-drawn cartoon of the "Two Girls of the Period" represents but half a truth; the overdressed girl who looks with horror on the nun scrubbing the floor never would enter the convent, and the convent would not wish to receive her; but the earnest girl who feels that there are better things in life than a neat pair of boots is often tempted in, and the world is the poorer for her loss. Whatever

may be the faults of young ladies in the present day—and perhaps more than sufficient have been confessed already—"fine ladyism" and want of "pluck" ought not to be counted among them. It is now considered vulgar for a girl to be afraid of compromising her dignity by doing anything which requires doing, and at a time when our countrywomen are to be found in all parts of the world, roughing it merrily on wretched accommodation and villainous food, it is absurd to tell them not to undertake a life which they are taught will bring them peace in this world and eternal happiness in the next, because they will enjoy only a limited number of blankets on their beds and a limited number of dishes at their dinners. Men argue as though they would have no objection to convents if the nuns' bedrooms were well warmed and furnished, their dinners varied and well cooked, and their occupations light and easy. If they would take the trouble to study the history of the monastic orders, they would find that luxury has always demoralized them, and that, whenever they have offered any such comforts and pleasures, they have produced a thousand times more evil than has been proved against the sisters at Hull. They would also see how these small annoyances and trivial penances may appear hallowed in Roman Catholic eyes by centuries of use by those whom they regard as saints. And after arriving at this point of sympathy with their opponents they might be able to argue more fairly, and with more hope of carrying conviction into their hearts.

Let us now ourselves consider what are our best arguments against conventual life, and strive to use them to good purpose. The root of monasticism, and of all asceticism whatever, lies in the doctrine, that all human beings are utterly vile before God; that their souls alone may hope for pardon from Him, while their bodies and minds are completely worthless, and only fit for destruction. From this principle it follows that no penances which torture the body, no humiliations which torture

the mind, are considered too severe; and the more willingly these are undergone, the more merit the soul of the sufferer is supposed to obtain. Since every mortal frame feels pleasure in warm, soft clothing and good food, these are taken from it; since freedom of will is instinctive in every mind, implicit, abject obedience is demanded; and since family love and home-ties are the sweetest pleasures of life, these are rigorously denied. All this is done in the name and for the sake of the soul, and it is done equally by the monk who buries himself in his cloister and by the Puritan who turns gloomily away from all earthly enjoyments. Are they right? Did not God when He created man in "His own image," a complex being, endowed with wondrous faculties of body and of mind, as well as with an eternal soul, desire that all three should be offered to Him in worthy homage? Why should we cherish the health of the soul alone, and present to our Maker only bodies diseased through a wilful rejection of the blessings He has bestowed, and minds stunted through lack of training and opportunity of development? It may be argued that the human frame is mortal, and therefore unworthy of care; but this objection does not hold good against the mind. If immortality is believed in at all, it must be the eternal existence of the brain which works under every human skull; and must we not believe that those who, whatever their opportunities, have earnestly striven to cultivate this talent, shall have a higher reward than those who have willingly hidden theirs in the earth? In convents another of God's good gifts is rejected and despised—the gift of progress and enlightenment which is bestowed upon our century. Shall we not fear, when we stand before God's throne side by side with the monks and nuns of bygone ages, if we do not bring with us more than they? Shall we not hear the Judge's voice demanding back the ten talents, when we have brought but one? Again, God has given to every one individual responsibility. Is it right to sacrifice this, to abandon all

free agency, and make oneself a slave where God has made us free? Shall we be allowed to plead that our actions are not our own, but done in obedience to a self-chosen superior?

The doctrine of Christian humility and of Christian obedience is surely carried too far: might not something be said in favour of Christian pride and Christian independence? It is true that while Christ was on earth He suffered no sword to be drawn in His behalf, and bade men, if smitten on the one cheek, to present the other also; but the very last injunction He left to His disciples was, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Passive submission to tyranny, though it was to test the faith of the first converts, was not to be the rule of the Christian commonwealth. Nor do we find an example of the abject humility inculcated by these religionists in the conduct of St. Paul at Philippi, where he exacted an apology from the authorities of the city, and claimed the privileges of his rank as a Roman citizen. He suffered humiliation gladly for his Lord's sake when it was necessary, but he could still maintain his dignity as a man and a Roman in his dealings with his fellow-men, thus showing us an example of self-respect which those who fly into the extremes of religious fanaticism would do well to remember. If people, instead of vilifying God's noblest creation—the human mind and body—would seek to perfect and raise them both to be a sample worthy of the indwelling of His Spirit, we should cease to hear of nuns kissing the floor at the feet of their companions, and making themselves ridiculous by frivolous penances. We know that Roman Catholics argue that it would be impossible to preserve discipline in a convent without these punishments, or some more harsh; and this brings us back to the main question, whether it be right for women who have attained the full maturity of their intellects to submit themselves to a system by which they are treated as we should scarcely treat an infant in

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these days, when fools' caps have gone out of fashion.¹

But, to my mind, the worst part of the convent system is that it sifts society, and leaves only the frivolous in the world. Many people argue as if only the weak and the silly were tempted to become nuns; but this is not the truth. Surely a very weak woman would hardly wish to undertake so unattractive a life; there must be some force in a character which can willingly surrender every species of earthly enjoyment, in order to live what she considers as a higher life. Nor do they do it ignorantly. The general public were surprised by what they seem to have considered "startling disclosures," but we do not believe that one woman in a thousand enters a convent or a sisterhood without being fully prepared for every one of these petty annoyances. Instead of being the weak and frivolous, it is often the noble and the strong who, disgusted with the worrying littlenesses of society (sometimes as hard to bear as the petty tyranny of a Lady Superior), turn to the convent in hopes of relief, and thus deprive the world of qualities which might otherwise prove a bulwark against evil. If we glance over the past or the present history of Europe, we shall see that frivolity in society is nearly always contemporaneous with the fashion for monastic life. And naturally so: not so much from any actual harm done by the convents, as because they have a tendency to absorb and hide those who have any earnestness and solidity of character, leaving social life wholly to those who wish for nothing

beyond amusement. It is worthy of observation, that the last ten years, during which it is said that such a marked change for the worse has been seen in English society, have coincided with the period at which the effects of the multiplying of Roman Catholic and Church of England convents began to be felt. I would ask those who seek for work within their walls to remember this, and that if they feel themselves endowed with earnestness of purpose and depth of feeling beyond their fellows, all these qualities are now required to act as barriers against the encroaching tide of evil. If they are good and able, they should know their vocation is the world, and not the convent. I know that some will argue that their prayers will be more efficacious than their work; but I would remind them that it would be of no avail for a soldier who had deserted his post in battle to plead that he had retired to pray. Prayer, to be effectual, must accompany strong efforts in the performance of duty—must be the food sustaining the healthy life of the soul, not the object of the life itself. Again, we might point to the fact, that in every country where monastic institutions have caused a life of prayer to be considered as more holy than a life of action, that country has wasted away, and God's blessing has evidently *not* rested upon it. Montalembert can scarcely conceal his astonishment at the greatness of England, in spite of her rejection of monasticism. Might we not say that she owes it under God to this cause? If all the noble and high-minded men are attracted into monasteries, the government naturally falls into the hands of the selfish and the base. We know to what this has led in Greece and Spain. We believe it to be the same with the social influence of women.

When a man hears of a girl entering a convent, he generally thinks that the effect of her act is merely to leave one silly girl the less in the world, and says in the tone of the King in "Chevy Chase":—

"I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as she!"

¹ May we be allowed to say that this question of punishment for breach of rules will be one of the greatest difficulties in the way of the Ladies' College? Let the committee beware of falling into conventual mistakes, which appear to be chiefly these:—(1) That the rules are so numerous and so detailed as to be almost impossible of observance. (2) That every infringement of them is supposed to be condoned by a penance. (3) That expulsion is almost impossible. If the College be founded, we hope that the rules will be few and reasonable, and that there will be *no* alternative between an honest and willing acceptance of them and removal from the institution.

It is a compliment certainly if men think that the place of one good woman is so easily filled by another, but it is rather an unsatisfactory one.

Men, as a rule, divide womanhood into three classes: regarding her either as an angel descended straight from heaven, without even a knowledge of the stains of earth; or as exactly the reverse of this (a picture we will leave to them to sketch); or, lastly, as a being endowed with the faculties and feelings of an ordinarily intelligent kitten: and it is this latter class that they without any examination believe to be occasionally seized with a fanatic desire of transforming themselves into nuns. Why a kitten-like woman should be anxious to place all her gambols under the strictest restraint, and deprive herself of all opportunities of playfulness, it would be hard to explain, but we suppose that this is the proof of her irrational nature. Of course it may happen that a woman enters a convent as a whim or from a passing disgust at the world; but it is absurd to believe the majority who do so in the face of all the hardships and privations which it entails are merely indulging an utterly irrational freak. And yet during the late trial it was actually said that the *dress* might be one of the attractions of conventual life! A curious assertion truly, especially in these days, when one would think there would be nothing to prevent its introduction into Hyde Park did the fashionable world deem haircloth and serge more becoming than velvet and silk. To speak more seriously: if we wish to destroy any system, it is useless to revile and ridicule it—every cause, and especially every religious one, thrives on abuse and laughter; the only effectual plan is to substitute a better one for it. I have already¹ pointed out the want there is of some useful and honourable work for ladies which would enable them to live noble lives while still maintaining their place in society, and I will not go over the same ground again. But while asking for this, which we hope no one will misinterpret into a

¹ Macmillan's Magazine, Feb. 1869.

compromise between God and mammon, we do not wish to cast any slight on the sisterhoods, which are already doing so much noble work in the world. It is very true that much more can be done by an organized body than by so many separate workers, and that those who devote themselves to the task of nursing the sick ought not to mix with those who are unwilling to run the risk of contagion; and so long as this is the only intention they have in separating themselves from family life, we give them our hearty approval and sincere respect. But when they begin to adopt, as in too many cases they do, the old errors of the Roman Catholic Church, and practise a system which stunts the mind by cutting off from it all the sources of intellectual growth, and wastes the bodily strength by excessive fasting and broken rest, in order to throw themselves into a state of spiritual nervous excitement, then we earnestly protest against it. I believe a true religion is one that can be accepted by a calm and well-trained mind, inspired certainly by a warm and sensitive heart, but not by the fevered fancy of hunger and fatigue. I believe that it is far from generally known how widely a system such as this is spreading in England. Men engaged in the busy world of literature or politics often know nothing of it, or, if they do sometimes hear rumours of practices strange to them, they set them down as the work of a few very young curates and very silly women. They seem to them as a passing fashion of the day, scarcely worth notice. To those who would know to what point this "fashion" has already reached we would recommend a pamphlet called "*The Religious Life portrayed*" for the use of Sisters of Mercy, translated from the French, with an introduction by the Rev. R. M. Benson. It is of course Roman Catholic in its origin, but it is adopted without any reserve by a clergyman of the Church of England. We will extract a few sentences, which will show our meaning:—

"The true religious loves retirement, keeps silence, and lives in constant recollection. This is what you, my

"daughter, should do—seek retirement by preference, and avoid visitors, only see them when it is necessary. The saintly author of the 'Imitation' says that he always came away from worldly conversation the worse for it. . . . Do not dwell upon the worldly tidings you may hear. . . . You frequently say: 'I desire to sanctify myself and be saved; what shall I do to that end?' I answer in one word, 'Obey.' . . . Seek to have a holy hatred of your body, treat it as a vile slave, and you will be diligent in all even the least duties. And I would specially recommend you to study the mortification of your senses both interior and exterior. . . . You must love all (your sisters), and I would have you love them *equally*. Avoid special preferences, they are fatal to the true charity of the religious life, and do great harm to communities. If you have any preference let it be for such amongst them as show you least affection, who bring most humiliation upon you, and to whom you have most natural disinclination."

Such are the principles taught: that family love is to be cast aside (for how can a woman love those whom she is to refuse to see and speak with, or even think of?); that obedience is in itself a virtue, irrespective of the command obeyed; that the body is to be purposely hated and neglected—the senses to be refused their proper develop-

ment; and that even the affection between friends is to be cut off by the barbarous rule which asks for more to be bestowed on the base, the unkind, and the unjust than on the good and the attractive! Yet these doctrines are actually spreading in England. It would be as well, then, if we were, not to ignore and not to ridicule this movement, but to strive to check its fatal defects, by offering to those who are anxious to take part in it some more excellent way. In spite of Father Ignatius, we do not anticipate that this movement will have much success among our countrymen, not because they are wiser than ourselves—for they were ready enough to flock to the monasteries at a time when they had no alternative between slaughtering men's bodies and praying for their souls—but because there are now too many openings for their religious zeal in useful, secular life. It is otherwise with women. The beginning which has been made may seem comparatively insignificant, but it is foolish to neglect to put out a fire only because it seems burning slowly and in a distant part of our house. Let us check it at once. Let us take advantage of the spirit which is now abroad—a spirit of keen religious feeling and consciousness of responsibility; and by guiding it, and permitting it to perform God's work in the world, prevent it from taking refuge in the moral suicide of monastic institutions.

II.

NATURE AND THE CONVENT.

If it is a mistake to cast censure upon what is right, it is also a mistake to cast censure upon what is wrong on an untenable ground. And the two questions, Why is convent life admired? and Why is it condemned? are certainly questions upon the correct answering of which, at the present time, a little thought and leisure may lawfully be bestowed. The following paper is only

offered as *suggestive* to those who are more nearly concerned in the matter than the writer, or who have greater opportunities or leisure for following out the subject. Some seem to think that the convent life which during the last few weeks has been brought before the public will tend considerably to diminish the alluring influence which that life has upon many minds. Yet

we need scarcely be disappointed if no such change is wrought through its means. By those who set down the longing after this life to romance, sentiment, or fond and foolish play of the imagination, it is supposed that it will be rudely shaken by a record of trivialities, of the littlenesses of every-day life, and of the ludicrous or degrading nature of some of the performances. But it must be remembered that, from the very character of this particular case, those who are disposed can make large allowances, that the imagination can cover up and forget what is evil, as well as create what is good, and that some of these trivialities are absolutely inseparable from life in this world in any of its phases. The frequent story of matrimonial quarrels does not persuade people to remain unmarried, and the romance and sentiment which in this case throws its golden light over the maiden's future is not dissolved by the known facts that some of her friends occasionally dine off cold mutton, or that the mistresses of their families think it proper to superintend most carefully the sweeping and dusting. Family life is full of most minute trivialities, trivialities which would be wearying and disgusting indeed if detailed for continuous days in a public court, yet which in their place are most necessary. And family life, unfortunately, instituted as it was for purposes of love and joy, is often marked across by things which are worse than trivialities. And the romance and sentiment which looks away from what is to what may be, in the one case, will do the same, where it is needed, in the other. But is it not the simple truth, that it is not mere romance and sentiment, not only the ardour of a youthful imagination, active, and rightfully active, though these may be, which lie at the bottom of the turning to convent life? Is there not some desperate want of nature, some craving, universal demand to which this life seems to give a response? To me it seems rash to fling an off-hand, dead charge of "unnaturalness," of "crushing of all the instincts of nature," against

convent life, and then to stand up satisfied that we have flung precisely the right weapon in precisely the right place. If it be so dead against nature, how is it that in all ages thousands have embraced it? This undeniable fact surely contradicts the sweeping censure of "unnaturalness." We may put this to the common sense of any one. In many cases, no doubt, specially in the far-back centuries, and among the female sex, circumstances decided the matter; but while these very circumstances may be turned into a strong plea for the provision for such a life,—the convent might then be the only shelter, the only deliverer from a life more repugnant than death,—we may fairly argue upon the supposition that a large proportion of these were moved by some acting of their own hearts. And looking at the multitudes who embraced this life in times that are past, certainly from no universal necessity, and at the numbers who are embracing it or yearning after it now, it seems to me that some other property rather than "unnaturalness" is suggested to us. Exceptional it may be, but *unnatural*, how can it? No, there is something in its essence which answers back directly to our nature, and there is a want in our nature which it bids fair to supply. Of that want a hundred illustrations might be given. One was presented in a recent number of this Magazine, in a paper written by a "Girl of the Period." It is easy to tell people that they have everything to make them happy, while they only wonder the more why then they are not so; it is easy to tell them that there is work which is only waiting for them to do it, and full room for the play of all their faculties, while they only wish they could see with your eyes and handle with your hands; it is easy to tell them that, if theirs is an unsatisfying portion, they have only to look around and grasp another, while their hearts are echoing again and again with the question, "Who will show us this one good?" And while these young girls are immersing themselves and being immersed in the pleasures of society, the occu-

pations of flattering and talking nonsense, and of being talked nonsense to; and while they are seriously attending day after day to the duties of the toilet, and then spending their still superfluous time how they best can, their hearts, their minds, their souls are living still. It is possible to imagine the *vail* of inquiry with which the spirit, unsupplied with its proper sustenance, undeveloped in its infinite capabilities, may sometimes utter this cry for "good." It is possible to comprehend the desperate craving which ever and anon comes upon it. Feeling itself capable of the reception of infinite good, fancying instinctively that there must be somewhere a supply for this demand, wondering with almost a shudder what it must do to find it, it is possible to imagine the eagerness with which the spirit, in the midst of the whirl around it, cries out for a "Rest:"—an "Arrest," as it were, of itself, in the midst of all this hurrying on—a pause, a solitude, where it may find out what its real business in this world is, and how to do it. To a mind in such a condition, a solitude, a place of retirement, seems almost an ultimatum. If *that* were secured, other needs would be supplied in due course. And there is truth in this. And the human mind in all ages has resolved its wants into a deep, a piteous craving for rest. "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!" "A shadow from the heat," "a lodge in some vast wilderness," so far off that my soul in its anxious musings about itself may be undisturbed by the noise and whirr, and perpetual on-going of this world.

Here then is the convent-life ready for those who are ready for it. Most naturally it comes in, offering a supply for a great demand. And the little bit of poetry—and pretty poetry too—about its crushing the finest instincts of nature, putting entirely to one side the holy joys of a wife and mother, scorning her angelic ministries, &c., warrants some criticism before it is allowed to pass as truth. We must not gather from its indignant tone that the con-

vent is the only bar, and that a compulsory one, between a woman and these sweet experiences. There are women who are bounded by no convent walls, who are tied by no vows, who have freely dispensed with the indulgence of these maternal yearnings, and who have gone through life most cheerfully and happily with no opportunity of bringing their angelic ministry to bear on a husband's heart. Marriage and all its duties are most holy, and ought to be arbitrarily denied to none; yet still it is very evident, either that a large proportion of women were not intended to marry, or that, in some way or other, outside of convents we are contravening the order of Providence. We English Protestants could fill many good-sized convents without withdrawing any of the usual proportion of ladies from married life. And, by the way, it would appear, too, that a nun may even marry after all: that she can, at least in some cases, be released from her vows, and return to the life she had too hastily quitted. And there are—we may not deny it—holier affections than those even of a wife and mother. St. Paul's words still remain on record: "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit: but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband," (1 Cor. vii. 34.) However much and however rightly we may explain or limit these words, still they are there; and we cannot be unboundedly angry if every one does not explain or limit them in the same way.

And where is the flaw in this convent life? What is the *let* to its being freely embraced by those who think they have a vocation for it? We may pass over the great religious differences here, because, if it were desirable, we might have Protestant convents constructed, as to the primary idea of the life, on much the same principle as those of the Roman Catholics.

And does not one great, one fatal objection lie in the *excessive* nature of

this life as practised among us? It is not a foreign plant, but it is a rank overgrowth. Springing from a root which with due restraint and constant watchfulness might be cultured into most fair and fruitful flowers, it has been suffered to grow as it would, with all its luxuriance; unpruned and it has run to seed, sadly overshot itself, and classed itself among the cumberers of the ground. Its flowers have become sickly and of doubtful odour, and its fruit, in some cases, like the apples of Sodom. Its principal excess is its life-long nature. However weary our bodies may be at the close of the day, we do not lie down and resolve we will rise no more. But the mind, irritated and weary with the turmoil and hurry of the outer world, can bethink itself of no medium, and that retirement and seclusion which is only needed for a present distress is strangely enough resorted to for a lifetime. There are indeed such things as "Retreats" in the Romish Church, and if we could imagine all our convents turned simply into houses of retreat, where younger or older maidens, or even married ladies, might shelter themselves for a while from the weariness of fashionable or business life, from any peculiar troubles of their lot,—where they might consider themselves and their position, how they could best fulfil the end of their lives,—and where, by resting, their minds might regain their strength, and their hearts their freshness; then, though they might still be open to objections, we could see a beauty in these convents. And some such retreats where, at the same time, the poor might be tended and the young educated, might easily be made a blessing. But the case of a whole life being made happier, and better, and more useful, by a seclusion from what is termed "secularity," must be an exceptional one, if it occur at all: and the whole convent life proceeds on the idea of making continuous what should in the nature of things only be occasional. Thus it is forced, and has contracted the taste—and appearance too—of fruit out of season, a sickly overgrowth

which for its own sake we might often desire to gather and hide away, feeling, as we sincerely do, that its root is capable of bringing forth much better things. Besides its excess, though in part no doubt suggested by it, it has serious mistakes in the manner of its development—the observance of poverty, the complete renunciation of will to another, the singular penances.

When the life of the soul runs out into these forms, one cannot but think it is for want of something better to do. They may be harmless, they may even do good in a certain way, they may lessen care and responsibility, but they are over and above the demand of nature for a secluded life, and they must often rather hinder than forward the design of it. They are not only excesses, but they are of foreign growth. If the convent life be embraced as a self-mortification, they may be all very well, but in any other view they are trifling, for all that they achieve for the soul of grace or humility could certainly be achieved by the spirit itself without their aid. They are truly unnatural, except under extremely occasional conditions. The *formality* of convent life seems to us another chief point against it. Its public vows, its uniform and singular garb, do much towards destroying whatever of grace and simplicity there is in it. There is nothing of unconscious, instinctive taking of what nature wants, and having done with it. A compulsory bond is formed for what should be voluntary, a conspicuous garb is thrown over what in its very nature seeks retirement, and the world is called to witness an endeavour to escape from its sight and hearing. Why should there be vows at all, except upon the supposition of after-repentance? And *why in that case?* may be asked with still more urgency. Vows, it is true, protect from a claim from without; the individual who has pledged her word not to come forth to help in any need that may happen either her friends or the world, is safe from hearing any vain tones of appeal on the subject. Yet is not her very safety inglorious—does it

not cast a reflection anything but bright upon the vows which have procured it for her? But the vows have a precedent in the marriage-vow, of which, I suppose, they are partly an imitation. There is a stern necessity for the marriage-vow in the protection which is demanded for society; there is no such necessity in the other case. The two cases are not parallel. Why should not the entrance into the convent be noiseless and unfettered, the continuance there unfettered too, the departure free and easy likewise? And why should not the dress, even if uniform, be uneccentric, quiet, and becoming, the "brides of heaven" not robing themselves as if for attendance at a funeral?

I suppose that I am still open to the charge of having omitted one grand primal idea of convent life, that which explains both its formality and its continuity,—the idea, in short, of the celestial marriage, of the separation from a worldly life, to a life distinctly different, avowedly superior. Even while we en-

tirely dissent from this idea, we must acknowledge the influence it has on those who receive it. Yet still, I think, the very idea might be made to harmonize with a perfect voluntariness; and I think, too, that the idea may be the offspring, in great degree, of the distaste and weariness of which at first we spoke. It is but an outcome of the same feeling of want of rest. This longed-for holy rest becomes the impersonation of everything sacred and best. It is not difficult for fancy to make it so, in comparison of the life which in the outer world is often led.

A demand always creates a supply. A plentiful supply indicates a constant demand. It is vain, and worse than vain, to quarrel with Nature; if we quarrel with the article which is offered in answer to her wants, what better supply can we bring into the market? This question, if we attempt to answer it at all, must be answered at some other time.

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."

BY J. R. MOZLEY.

MR. BROWNING's poem is at length complete. The nature of it is not widely different from what might have been anticipated at the outset; and, in particular, hardly anything need be added to the account of the plot which was given by Mr. Symonds, in his article on the first volume of the poem, in the January number of this Magazine. Still, the characters, in the progress of the delineation, have greatly widened and deepened; it has become more and more apparent what the ultimate purpose was, in much that seemed at first insignificant or repulsive; it is seen, what perhaps could not have been certainly told from the first volume alone (though our independent knowledge of the poet might have guaranteed it), that the poem has a cause and reason for its existence, that there is a fundamental thought animating and sustaining it. And it need hardly be added, that there is throughout a vast quantity of keen observation, and intellectual subtlety and force. There can be no doubt that in the formation of his conceptions, Mr. Browning's mind is one of no weak or uncertain grasp.

And yet, with all this, our first impulse is one of critical protest against the form of composition of the book. The substance of what Mr. Browning writes is so good, that it is impossible not to wish it were presented to the reader in a somewhat easier form. There are two counts in our complaint,—the length of his poem, and the difficulty of the style. A poem of twenty thousand lines is no such light thing either for writer or reader; and few such poems, few poems we might say of half the length, have survived to posterity without some intrinsic greatness and universality in the subject. The "Iliad" was treasured up by Greece because the whole Greek nation must necessarily look back with

reverence to the ancestors who had formed them into a nation. The "Divina Commedia" has been treasured up by Europe because it contains the thoughts, fashioned into an imagined reality, of one of the greatest of souls on that future, which of all topics of meditation must ever have supreme interest for man. Virgil's theme appealed directly to every Roman; Tasso's was commensurate with Christendom; that of Milton had certainly no less scope.

The subject of "Faust" is more to be compared with Mr. Browning's subject; but Goethe's great poem (we speak of course of the first part of "Faust" only) is not much more than five thousand lines—only a quarter the length of the "Ring and the Book." And if we come to Shakespeare, "Hamlet" and "Othello" are shorter even than "Faust." It would be difficult to name any poem that has endured, whose length at all approaches to that of the "Ring and the Book," the subject of which has in itself (apart from the mode of treatment) so little comparative importance. And this prolixity becomes still more striking when the structure of the poem is considered. It consists of an introduction, ten speeches, and a conclusion! neither more nor less than this; and each of the ten speeches tells precisely the same story, from different points of view. Think of this, and then think of the variety of personages, incidents, and speeches in "Macbeth" or "Faust!" Surely the story of Pompilia could have been presented to us in a shorter form, and perhaps even with an increase of effect.

Coming to the other count of our complaint, the difficulty of Mr. Browning's style, the secret of his prolixity is in some degree explained. Mr. Browning cannot tell a plain story in a plain way; he cannot report a simple speech

with simplicity. He must needs introduce everywhere comparisons and metaphors; metaphors which darken, and comparisons which obscure. The title of his book is, half of it at least, a metaphor; the "Ring" is merely typical of the poem, and—as we discover at the close—indirectly suggestive of a tender personal memory, and has nothing in the world to do with the subject of it. And sometimes, when we think that we have done with an illustration (it having occupied a page or so, and possibly included other sub-illustrations into the bargain), lo, it turns up again without introduction, and claims the right of an old acquaintance, after pages of intervening narrative! Such, for example, is the simile of the angler, in "Half Rome." But, indeed, this love of metaphor is only one aspect of that general characteristic of Mr. Browning's mind which renders his writings so difficult. The truth is, that he has accumulated learning, thought, and observation to a most extraordinary degree; he has a fondness for his own originality, and likes to communicate to others things novel and previously unnoticed: but he makes no allowance for other people's ignorance; or rather, it may be suspected, he does not altogether dislike puzzling people, and introducing on a sudden and in a casual way topics which cannot be appreciated by the easy-going and somewhat indolent reader. He avoids the commonplace most resolutely; and certainly a poet ought to soar above the commonplace; but still it is to be remembered that the great mass of the hours of our life are concerned mainly with commonplace things,—with things which every one knows and will recognise when presented to them in books—and that for a poet to try and skim off the cream of the cream, and give to his readers nothing but refined intellectuality and delicate vision, is an attempt which must diminish the general sympathy for his writings.

The "Ring and the Book" is however, in these latter respects, a considerable advance on Mr. Browning's previous works. The defence of Capon-

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sacchi—which, though not the most remarkable part of the book as an intellectual achievement, is the part which will probably be the most frequently read hereafter—has pages together of forcible and simple narrative. Yet at the very close and climax of this, the most striking part of the whole, there is a cluster of similes which jars upon the ear from its over-thoughtfulness. Every one who has read the poem will remember the passage; but it may well bear to be quoted:

"Sirs, I am quiet again. You see, we are
So very pitiable, she and I,
Who had conceivably been otherwise.
Forget distemperature and idle heat!
Apart from truth's sake, what's to move so
much!
Pompilia will be presently with God;
I am, on earth, as good as out of it,
A relegated priest; when exile ends,
I mean to do my duty and live long.
She and I are mere strangers now: but
priests
Should study passion; how else cure man-
kind,
Who come for help in passionate extremes?
I do but play with an imagined life
Of who, unfettered by a vow, unblest
By the higher call,—since you will have
it so,—
Leads it companioned by the woman there.
To live, and see her learn, and learn by her,
Out of the low obscure and petty world—
Or only see one purpose and one will
Evince themselves i' the world, change
wrong to right:
To have to do with nothing but the true,
The good, the eternal—and these, not alone
In the main current of the general life,
But small experiences of every day,
Concerns of the particular hearth and home:
To learn not only by a comet's rush,
But a rose's birth,—not by the grandeur,
God—
But the comfort, Christ. All this, how far
away!
Mere delectation, meet for a minute's
dream!—
Just as a drudging student trims his lamp,
Opens his Plutarch, puts him in the place
Of Roman, Grecian; draws the patched
gown close,
Dreams, 'Thus should I fight, save or rule
the world!'
Then smilingly, contentedly, awakes
To the old solitary nothingness.

So I, from such communion, pass content...

O great, just, good God! Miserable me!"

N N

The two and a half lines which begin "To learn not only by a comet's rush," are surely too far-fetched, and too much savouring of rhetoric, for the occasion. But to the passage as a whole, and to that which precedes it, no one can refuse his admiration. And though after the finished softness of Mr. Tennyson's lyrical flow there sound at first a roughness and uncouthness in Mr. Browning's verses, there are many passages in these volumes which sound with a true and full music, when the ear becomes accustomed to them.

But to consider the poem as a whole. As was said at the outset, it is a poem which admits of being regarded as a whole; it has a natural unity in itself. There are long poems which are single poems in nothing but the name; which are really collections of shorter poems. Such are the three most successful long poems in English of this century—"Childe Harold," "Don Juan," and the "Excursion." Such, too, is Shelley's "Revolt of Islam;" while his "Prometheus unbound" has only an incipient and (so to speak) tentative unity. Of all these poems, that is true which is emphatically untrue of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth"—which is not true even of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—that the different parts are fully as excellent when read by themselves as when taken in conjunction with the rest. The story of Margaret in the first book of the "Excursion," and the episode of Haidée in "Don Juan," may perhaps even preferably be read as separate pieces. And, in general, this class of poems is not distinguished by any intellectual effort which binds together, or rather welds into one, the several portions. Such an intellectual effort does, most decidedly, distinguish the "Ring and the Book." Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, are not mere isolated individuals; they act and react upon each other; nor do they act and react in a mere material way, but the very texture of their natures is altered by their mutual influences. It is not possible to consider adequately any one of them, without considering the other two. It is not

mere melody, it is harmony that is found here. If we were to compare Mr. Browning with a great musician, we should compare him with Schumann. In both of them there is the same laboriousness, the same intellectuality, the same tenderness; both require time for the appreciation of them; and to both, after a long period of doubtfulness, that appreciation is at last being accorded. And though Mr. Browning fails in many points of artistic perfection, yet in this unity of design of which we have spoken—and which is one of Schumann's most marked characteristics—lies the true central point of artistic excellence.

These three characters, Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, as they form a united trio, so they are distinguished from each other by broad lines. This at least is true of the essential parts of their characters; for, unluckily, there are many parts of their respective speeches in which they talk like three Mr. Brownings. But looking at them broadly, they have a wide range, from great complexity to great simplicity; Guido being the most complex, and Pompilia the most simple of the three.

Before, however, proceeding to examine them more minutely, one remark must be premised. We accept for the present, and are content to accept, that view of the subject of the plot—the story of Pompilia—which Mr. Browning evidently means us to believe. It is an undoubted right of a poet to give his story as he holds it himself; and if we think the story improbable, we have a right to say so by way of criticism, but not to criticise the characters on any hypothesis of our own contrary to the poet's account of the matter. And thus we assume, as we are clearly intended to assume, that Guido was a desperate rascal; Caponsacchi a man of fiery and open-hearted, though untrained, disposition; Pompilia a model of pure trustful innocence. But yet it cannot but be observed that the story lends itself to another interpretation, which Mr. Browning has hardly done his utmost to ward off. And, indeed,

as he nowhere expressly declares his own decision on the matter, but leaves it to be inferred from the tone in which he writes himself, and in which he makes his characters speak, it almost seems that he invites the judgment of his readers on the case. Thus challenged, we cannot but think the villany ascribed to Guido one of an improbable nature. That a man should try to get rid of his wife is no striking improbability; but that having her absolutely in his power, to poison or kill her in any way he chose (and he did not scruple to kill her afterwards), he should prefer the roundabout way of inducing her to elope with another man,—that he should go through long and difficult manœuvres and forge numerous letters to accomplish this end,—is an hypothesis which, though not impossible, yet requires distinct proof. The counter hypothesis, that Pompilia, cruelly treated no doubt by Guido, eloped with Caponsacchi in a commonplace manner, having previously corresponded with him, cannot be said to be one that experience proves to be unlikely. It is urged, that Pompilia could not write, and therefore could not have corresponded with Caponsacchi; and that, therefore, the letters that were found professing to be written by her must have been forged by Guido,—or at any rate that Guido wrote them in pencil, and Pompilia, in ignorance of their meaning, traced ink over them. But, granting that Pompilia could not write, why must it have been Guido who wrote the letters professing to come from Pompilia? Is not the supposition, that they were written with the knowledge on Pompilia's part of their meaning, one that must be faced and met? And be it remembered, that which lends the extreme blackness to Guido's character is the supposition that he forged these letters: this alone testifies to a persistently cruel and infamous design on his part; otherwise, the accusation of brutality against him might seem to be exaggerated. Nor have we been able to find either in the speeches of the advocates, or in the decision of the Pope, any clear proof that in this, the critical

point of the whole case, Guido was the guilty party.

However, as we said, we will assume henceforth, as Mr. Browning intends that we should, the entire guilt of Guido, the entire innocence of Pompilia. And with this view it is impossible not to admire the skill, the fulness, and the energy with which the character of Guido is drawn. Mr. Browning's portraits do not precisely, as is said of some people's, stand out from the canvas; and for this reason, that he portrays them not so much outwardly as inwardly. There is nothing in which he delights so much as in tracing every turn and winding by which a subtle intellect will justify to itself some act or course of villainy. Until the present volumes, Bishop Blougram was his greatest exploit in this line; nor can anything be more beautiful, viewing the matter as a trial of superior cleverness, than the manner in which the Bishop puzzles, meets, and floors his opponent at every point. But we think Count Guido, in most respects, a character drawn with greater skill even than Bishop Blougram. There is nothing dramatic in the exhibition of Bishop Blougram; he puts forward his case, describes himself simply and plainly, without ambiguity or change of posture. But Guido, in the first instance, when defending himself before the court, is aiming at a character other than his true one; he puts on a tone of injured innocence, talks piously, and with great feeling in his language. Even when condemned, when he knows that he is to die, he does not all at once declare himself genuinely and openly; he puts on a mocking, jeering tone—which in its affectation of carelessness deceives himself as much as any one else—and argues with a subtlety which even at so terrible a moment is clearly a source of pleasure to him; yet he argues with the most palpable inconsistency; sometimes alleging reasons to show that he was not guilty, sometimes endeavouring to show that, though guilty, he ought yet not to be condemned to die. Only at the last moment, when those who are to lead him to execution are actually present at

the door, does he suddenly change his tone to one of piercing and fervent entreaty. The passage is one of the most remarkable in the poem :—

"Till when
All that was, is ; and must for ever be.
Nor is it in me to un hate my hates,—
I use up my last strength to strike once more
Old Pietro in the winehouse-gossip face,
To trample under foot the whine and wile
Of that Violante,—and I grow one gorge
To loathingly reject Pompilia's pale
Poison my hasty hunger took for food.
A strong tree wants no wreaths about its
trunk,
No cloying cups, no sickly sweet of scent,
But sustenance at root, a bucketful.
How else lived that Athenian who died so,
Drinking hot bull's-blood, fit for men like me?
I lived and died a man, and take man's chance,
Honest and bold : right will be done to such.
Who are these you have let descend my stair ?
Ha, their accursed psalm ! Lights at the sill !
Is it 'Open' they dare bid you ? Treachery !
Sirs, have I spoken one word all this while
Out of the world of words I had to say ?
Not one word ! All was folly—I laughed and
mocked !
Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,
Is—save me notwithstanding ! Life is all !
I was just stark mad,—let the madman live
Pressed by as many chains as you please pile !
Don't open ! Hold me from them ! I am
yours,
I am the Granduke's—no, I am the Pope's !
Abate,—Cardinal,—Christ,—Maria,—God . . .
Pompilia, will you let them murder me !"

If Mr. Browning had written nothing but this one scene, it would have sufficed to give him a memorable position among English poets. The sudden change in demeanour caused by the first realization of an impending violent death was never more powerfully drawn. But, indeed, the whole of this last speech of Count Guido is full of power. A resolute cynic and Epicurean on the moral side, a thinker of intense and narrow definiteness on the intellectual side, he is not at any rate a man to be despised. With what scorn does he look upon the vagueness and indecision of those who hover between faith and unbelief, who know not whether they will work for this world or for an eternal life !

"Entire faith, or else complete unbelief,—
Aught between has my loathing and contempt,
Mine, and God's also, doubtless."

How strongly and conclusively does he show that all men, however vehement in their professions of faith, do yet by their grief at terrestrial calamity—at the loss of place or money, or the death of a son—bear witness that the seed of doubt in that other eternal existence is not yet removed from their hearts ! This, indeed, has been discerned by the most pious and orthodox moralists ; as when Dr. Johnson expressed his wish that we had better evidence of a future life, and in answer to the objector who said, "Have we not already sufficient?" replied, "I wish we had more." Faith, to mortals on this present earth, does inevitably bring weakness with it ; it is impossible to hold as strongly by an unrealized world as by a realized world ; whereas a determined unbelief in anything but the visible, having all the grounds of its action present before it, is much more in a position to act strongly and resolutely. This Guido sees, and, resolved above all things to be strong, his choice in favour of unbelief is given unhesitatingly. Not less clearly is his choice given in favour of selfish action, as against acting for the happiness of others. "Why," he thinks, "should I act for the happiness of others ?" Had an adequate answer been possible to this question, he would have followed it ; but no adequate answer was possible, and to follow an inadequate answer would, to him, have implied weakness. With all this, he has not the perfect confidence in his position, and serene contempt of a Mephistopheles ; there still are human elements about him ; he has feelings and weaknesses in spite of himself.

The character of Caponsacchi is much simpler than that of Guido, and so affords less scope for the exercise of Mr. Browning's peculiar powers. Caponsacchi is a fiery-hearted man, inclined at the outset to take life as it comes, and not troubled by the malady of thought, but capable of being deeply stirred by circumstances ; a man not morbidly scrupulous, somewhat conservatively inclined by nature, taking the priestly vows at the bidding of his superiors, and accepting their interpre-

tation of those vows; yet with a latent fund of strength and passion unsuspected by himself, which starts up into vigorous life despite his own will, and acts amid the warring forces of the world as if those forces had been the premeditated scene of his action. It is curious, that of these two characters, Guido and Caponsacchi, Guido's is clearly the ambitious nature; yet that of Caponsacchi is much the strongest in its action on men. Guido exhibits intellectual power that has become a shrivelled nonentity, because the moral power on which it was based has withered into dust; Caponsacchi exhibits moral power that has only just become conscious of itself, and has not yet blossomed into intellectual power. Thus neither of them has solved that problem, proposed to every man, how our moral power, the strength of our desire, our life and very self, is to be preserved in eternal youth and perpetual renovation; how—without resisting nature, which decrees that all our desires, considered as single and absorbing passions, shall decay and die—we may yet dig perpetually deeper into ourselves, and find an ever fresh spring of feeling to be our centre, while the former desires are not indeed extinguished, but recede into the more outward parts of our being; how we may avoid that loss and despair of happiness, cynical or querulous, in which the mind, incapable of looking forward, stretches itself backwards towards the days that are inexorably past, and the pleasures which can no more revive than can last summer's flowers; how we may have strong hope in the future. Guido does not look forward to the future at all; he has no hope; the problem for him has no solution, so far, at least, as this stage of existence is concerned. In Caponsacchi's life, the crisis has not yet arrived; what we are here told of him is merely the first outburst of his nature, as it is suddenly revealed to himself and others.

The power shown in the conception of the character of Caponsacchi, though less peculiar than that shown in Guido,

is very great; and the description (given by himself) of his flight with Pompilia, and his final appeal to the judges, which we have already quoted, are most vivid and striking. But there are dramatic errors in his speech. All three characters, Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, are made to give a full account of their lives, beginning from their birth up to the moment of the trial. Exception may be taken to this, even in the cases of Guido and Pompilia; but in Caponsacchi most of all it must be considered unnatural. So passionate a man would surely have been more inclined to plunge in *medias res*, and not have detained his judges with a long history of his early life, which surely did not bear upon the question at issue. Probably the Roman bench, as being ecclesiastics, were not a very lawyer-like body; but an English court would certainly have compelled both Guido and Caponsacchi to curtail their remarks very considerably, and to come much more directly to the point. Nor can the beginning of Caponsacchi's speech be considered at all natural or dignified. It is full of abrupt jerks, spasmodic incoherences, and extreme levity; it savours, in short, of Mr. Browning's most undress and ill-considered mood. We are quite sure that a man of Caponsacchi's common sense and dignity would not have begun in this absurd way, however his passion might afterwards have hurried him into incoherence. Mr. Browning always starts in his most crude and abrupt manner; he glides afterwards into smoothness and eloquence. Yet this is unfortunate for readers who begin, as most readers do, at the beginning of a poem.

Pompilia is drawn with studied simplicity; and yet, perhaps, not with simplicity enough. Indeed, for Mr. Browning, it was sure to be an easier task to draw a complex and many-sided character, than a plain and transparent one. And if Pompilia be compared with Margaret in "Faust," she will appear a confused and obscure image beside the clear lines of Goethe's exquisite creation.

Mr. Browning's plan is in part answerable for this; for by giving his heroine only one long speech, he has deprived himself of the dramatic charm of question and answer and swiftly interchanged fancies. But independently of this, Pompilia is too acute in her observation, too thoughtful, sometimes even too satirical, for so young a girl. Yet her speech is very beautiful and touching; and through the defects of the execution the genuineness of the conception may be not doubtfully seen. Whatever faults may be laid to Mr. Browning's charge, uncertainty of purpose is not among them; he never writes without a knowledge of what it is that he intends to effect.

We have spoken, more than once, of "Faust;" and the "Ring and the Book" has indeed a certain affinity to the great poem of Goethe. The fiery heroes, Caponsacchi and Faust; the tempters, the two lost spirits, Guido and Mephistopheles; the simple unfortunate heroines, Pompilia and Margaret, all of these bear a traceable resemblance to each other. It need not be said that in workmanship, in clear delineation, Goethe is far superior to Mr. Browning. But Caponsacchi may justly be considered superior in conception to Faust; for Faust, though intended to be a noble character amid all his errors, must appear to those who regard him attentively to be a very weak man. He does not, from beginning to end of the poem, make one single effort at a truly magnanimous action. He is like a leaf before the wind; he is blown whatever way ambition, or curiosity, or desire impel him.

The subordinate parts of the "Ring and the Book" do not equal in merit the principal parts. This is a fault on the right side; but nevertheless, it is a source of much disappointment and weariness to the reader. In particular, the dissertations of the two lawyers, Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, and Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, are such as scarcely any one would choose to read over a second time. If the arguments of these two reverend advocates are meant for a joke, they are

too long and tedious by a great deal; if they are meant for earnest, they are unaccountably feeble and pointless. Better by a great deal are the opinions of "Half Rome" and the "Other Half Rome," given in the first volume; though these are still much inferior to the speeches of the principal characters. "Tertium Aliquid," in the second volume, might have been dispensed with without any great loss. The Pope's meditation, in which he comes to the final decision for the execution of Guido, is one from which great things might have been expected. Nor indeed can it be denied that it possesses, in many parts, very great beauty—a serene thoughtfulness flowing out over the problems of the world. But it is hardly made clear what the Pope's real position is in the trial at issue. Is he to be considered a judge, deciding the case? or is Guido's guilt finally decided beforehand, and does the Pope merely consider the point whether his clerical character shall avail to prevent his execution? There are objections to either alternative. As to the first, it does not appear from Mr. Browning's own account in the introduction that the Pope had actually to decide anything but the force of Guido's plea of clericality. Nor, in fact, does the Pope's meditation at all resemble the summing up of a judge; not, of course, that a poet need be bound down to the strict judicial manner; but we must plainly say, that if the Pope was, in the full sense of the word, the judge of the case, he seems to us to have dealt out very insufficient justice indeed to Count Guido. He starts with a pre-determination against him. And yet, to take the other alternative; if the Pope is not the judge of the case, then in all this long poem there is no account of the final decision that declared Guido guilty of a crime worthy of death; there is no attempt to balance the grounds for or against—this most important part of the trial is left a perfect blank. There seems, in short, to be some vagueness in this part of the poem; and however we may think the Roman tribunals not to have proceeded with the formality and

accuracy of an English court, a great part of the vagueness must still be attributed to the poet himself. Apart from this, there is, as we said, much that is striking in the thoughts of the Pope. The finest passage is the conclusion, which we will quote :

"I will, sirs : for a voice other than yours
Quickens my spirit. ' Quis pro Domino ?
Who is upon the Lord's side ? ' asked the
Count.
I, who write,—

"On receipt of this command,
Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four
They die to-morrow : could it be to-night,
The better, but the work to do, takes time.
Set with all diligence a scaffold up,
Not in the customary place, by Bridge
Saint Angelo, where die the common sort ;
But since the man is noble, and his peers
By predilection haunt the People's Square,
There let him be beheaded in the midst,
And his companions hanged on either side :
So shall the quality see, fear and learn.
All which work takes time : till to-morrow,
then,
Let there be prayer incessant for the five !"

For the main criminal I have no hope
Except in such a suddenness of fate.
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all :
But the night's black was burst through by a
blaze—
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned
and bore,
Through her whole length of mountain visible ;
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.
Else I avert my face, nor follow him
Into that sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmake but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain ; which must not be.
Enough, for I may die this very night,
And how should I dare die, this man let live ?
Carry this forthwith to the Governor !"

The conclusion of the poem, like the poem itself, is too long. We certainly did not wish to hear of Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis and Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius again ; nor do we think the better of them for their fresh appearance. The account of Guido's execution, which Mr. Browning reports as from a visitor at Rome, is very vivid and interesting.

There is, after all, a greatness in the "Ring and the Book." Mr. Browning, more than most, is a man who has determined to do great things, and who has done them. All his works, and this not the least, grow on the reader of them ; the difficulty dies away, the sense of power increases. To the end, indeed, he has little of the peculiar charm of unpremeditated thoughtlessness. His genius, like that of all the poets of the present day, is of rather a severe and melancholy type. There is in it no lightness or comedy ; the satire is grim and stern ; he never puts himself entirely at ease, and writes what his fancy suggests, without aim or purpose beyond the amusement and delight of it. For this, we must go to the novelists, such as Dickens or Thackeray ; though even into novels the serious character of the age is beginning to press, and in "Romola" or "Silas Marner" there is more strenuous thinking than the whole series of Waverley novels would supply. Similarly, in the "Ring and the Book," there is a greater intellectual strain than could be found in the whole works of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Keats, and Wordsworth. In Wordsworth indeed there was the commencement of intellectual poetry ; but as yet only the commencement. Whether the change from that day to this be for better or for worse, it is not necessary to determine ; it is sufficient to note the fact, observing, at the same time, that poetry must be crude and inchoate, until all effort, whether of intellect or observation, has been melted down by the heat of imaginative energy, and left no traces of itself, save in the victories that it has won. But this is a rare success ; it is the success of Shakespeare and of Raphael. There is, by the way, one decidedly amusing passage in the present volumes ; it occurs, strange to say, in the speech of that unbearable prig, Bottinius ; and it concerns the origin of the word "merrythought."

The "Ring and the Book" must not be left without some notice of the passage that terminates it : a passage on account of which the "Ring," which

appears so *mal-apropos* in the title, must be more than forgiven. Here it is:—

"And save the soul! If this intent save mine,—

If the rough ore be rounded to a ring,
Render all duty which good ring should do,
And, failing grace, succeed in guardianship,—
Might mine but lie outside thine, Lyric Love,
Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
Linking our England to his Italy!"

To none ought more heartfelt thanks be paid, than to those who have done their utmost to strengthen the ties between two nations; and none of the present age have deserved this thanks more fully than Mr. and Mrs. Browning. That the latter should have died, just

when her poetry was putting forth its most beautiful flowers, its most generous produce, was indeed a loss. Italy and England alike mourned for her; and that inscription on the Casa Guidi at Florence, which suggested to Mr. Browning half of the title of his poem, may fittingly terminate this review. It may at once make us proud of her in whose honour it is written, and grateful to those who wrote it:—

"Qui scrisse e morì Elisabetta Barrett Browning, che in cuore di Donna conciliava scienze di Dotto et spirito di Poeta, e fece del suo verso aureo anello fra Italia e Inghilterra. Pone questo memoria Firenze grata, 1861."

END OF VOL. XIX.

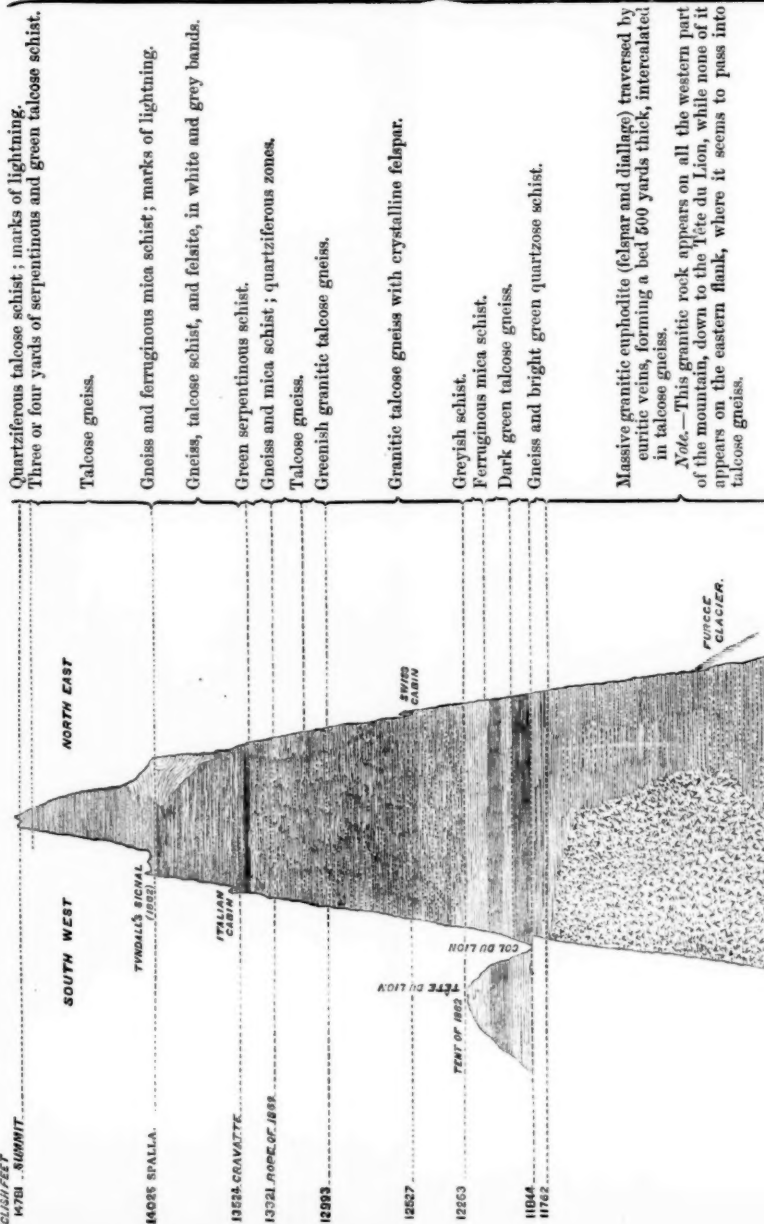
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GEOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE MATTERHORN.

BY SIGNOR GIORDANO.

1868.

HEIGHTS IN
ENGLISH FEET
4781 - SUMMIT



TALCOSE GNEISS FORMATION.

Massive granitic euphotite (felspar and diallage) traversed by eutritic veins, forming a bed 500 yards thick, intercalated in talcose gneiss.

Note—This granitic rock appears on all the western part of the mountain, down to the Tête du Lion, while none of it appears on the eastern flank, where it seems to pass into talcose gneiss.

CALCAREO-SERPENTINOUS FORMATION.

earine veins, forming a bed 200 yards thick, intercalated in talcose gneiss.

Note.—This granitic rock appears on all the western part of the mountain, down to the Tête du Lion, while none of it appears on the eastern flank, where it seems to pass into talcose gneiss.

Talcose gneiss, talcose and micaceous schist.

Bright greenish compact schist.

Crystalline calc-schist, with veins and nodules of quartz; alternates with chloritic and serpentinous green schists.

Chloritic green schists, serpentinous and talcose with stau-
titic masses.

Calc-schist; more than 100 yards thick.

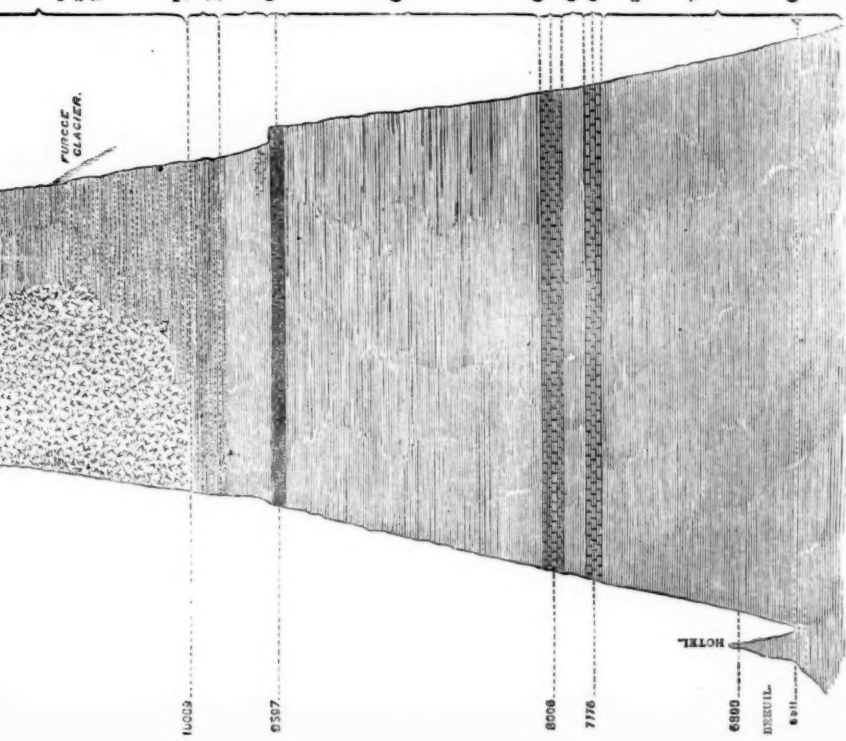
Chloritic green schists.

Calc-schist.

Note.—In various adjacent places this calciferous zone appears in beds of dolomite, slaty quartz, and gypsum.

Vast series of green schists, serpentinous, chloritic, talcose, and steatitic; in some places amphibolitic with black crystals.

Green calcareo-serpentinous talc formation, which seems to lie on mica schist and old gneiss.



Observation.—The rocks forming the Matterhorn, although chiefly crystalline, are sufficiently regularly stratified. The strata dip slightly from S. E. to N. W. In this section, for the sake of simplicity, they are drawn horizontally. The heights are greatly exaggerated.